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PAYS PENALTY OF CRIME.

FRANK GODINO MEETS DEATH ON GALLOWS.

The Hanging Passed Off Without Accident or Trouble In Presence of But Few Spectators.

GODINO WAS CALM

And Met His Death in an Indifferent and Fearless Manner.

HIS NECK WAS BROKEN ISTANTLY.

He Died Without Any Suffering—The Body Cut Down and Prepared for Burial—Brief History of Crime Together With Capture and Trials of the Quartette—Other Data of Interest.

Francis Godino, the powerful young Italian who shot and killed Guiseppi Titeri at Coryville last March, paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold in the county jail this (Tuesday) morning by hanging until his life had left his body and passed into the Great Unknown.

At 9:30 o'clock this morning his spiritual advisers, the doctors, jurors, representatives of the press and a very few spectators were admitted to the jail. Then the doors were securely closed, fastened and guarded while the closing scenes of this terrible tragedy were carried out and a few men witnessed the first execution of an Italian in this county.

After the Death Warrant was read in plain and solemn tones by the Sheriff, the condemned man was left in privacy to consult with his spiritual adviser, the Rev. J. F. Dugan. This consultation lasted about two hours, then the preparation for the march to the gallows began.

When the prisoner came out of his cell into the turnkey's room he was escorted by the sheriff, the turnkey, Officer Bain, Rev. F. S. Doyle and Rev. Father Dugan. To the ordinary person he appeared to be resigned to his fate and apparently bore up wonderfully well but a close observation disclosed the terrible strain he was laboring under, and that he only bore up under sheer force of will power.

When beneath the dangling noose that was soon to usher his soul into eternity, his hands were securely tied together in front of him. While in this position the witnesses assembled around the scaffold and Deputy Sheriff King carefully tied his legs together. Sheriff Mitchell then asked Godino if he wished to say anything at this time, and Godino said nothing.

The noose was then placed around his neck by the deputy sheriff without further ceremony, and the black cap securely fastened over his head and face, which forever closed the light of day in this world from the criminal's view. The deputy sheriff then stepped back into the circle formed by other witnesses, while the sheriff, fully conscious of the duty he was sworn to perform in the interest of law, justice and humanity, stood firmly in close access to the frail cord which suspended the heavy weight that was soon to jerk the body of this young Italian into mid-air and his soul before a higher court of justice than there is to be found on this earth.

Everyone present realized the solemnity of this moment and the stillness was oppressive. It seemed that each man could hear the heart-beats of all the others in the room and was trying to silence his own to keep from disturbing the others. The condemned man stood firmly in the shadow of death and seconds seemed like hours. Sheriff Mitchell reluctantly grasped the small rope and with a comparatively firm hand gave a gentle pull which severed the rope holding the weights precisely at 10:05. The weight shot toward the earth six feet, taking the slack from the rope and swinging Godino into the air fully two feet from the ground, there to remain until life had left his body and the penalty of the earthly law had been paid for wantonly taking the life of a fellow being.

At 10:20 Doctors Ostrander, Hall and Winger said that life was extinct and the body was cut down. An examination proved that his neck had been broken and that the condemned man had died without suffering any physical pain. The body, immediately after the examination, was placed in a plain casket and taken to St. Elizabeth's cemetery where it was buried after a prayer by Rev. Father Dugan.

The following composed the jury who witnessed the hanging: D. A. Dennison, Bradford; W. Z. Georgia, State Line Mills; F. W. Winger, Bradford; D. M. Cooper, Newton; S. R. Lindsley, Smethport; Burg Chadwick, Smethport; J. O. Sonbergh, Bradford; B. H. Hall, Bradford; Sam Stoffer, Bradford; W. A. Ostrander, Smethport; C. O. Laymon, Port Allegany, and M. D. Murray, Bradford.

Those in attendance besides the above named were: M. C. Bain, Joe Chido, Gustino Cubio, James McIntyre, J. P. Devlin, G. Scott Smith, J. A. Peterson, Dr. F. C. Elliott, B. G. McFall, Ben Hamilton, R. K. Knapp, H. R. Henderson, Charles Maynes, Dr. W. L. McWilliams, James O'Donnell, M. Riser, R. M. Swisher, C. A. Spreter, F. L. Steele, Stuart Dennison and the attendants and officials.

LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

Francis Godino's last night on earth was spent in the following manner:

He retired at 1 a. m and slept soundly until 7:30 when he was awakened by his attendants. At about 8 o'clock he ate heartily of his breakfast, which consisted of eggs, toast and coffee. At this time Father Dugan was with him and remained until the end.

THE SCAFFOLD.

The machine of death used was the exact counterpart of the one used to execute Ralph Crossmire on the morning of December 14, 1893, for the murder of his mother on the evening of November 19, 1892, which was undoubtedly the most brutal murder ever committed in this county and one of the worst ever committed in the United States. In fact it is the same scaffold rebuilt. It is simply a large "saw-horse," thirteen feet high and built of heavy timber, with pulleys and a half inch braided Italian hemp rope, one end composing the noose and the other attached to a 207 pound weight, which is suspended in the air by another rope in such a manner that a slight pull will release the weight, which when it falls jerks the victim clear of the floor with such force that it is almost absolutely certain to break a man's neck instantly, and has proven to be a great improvement over the old style "drop scaffold."

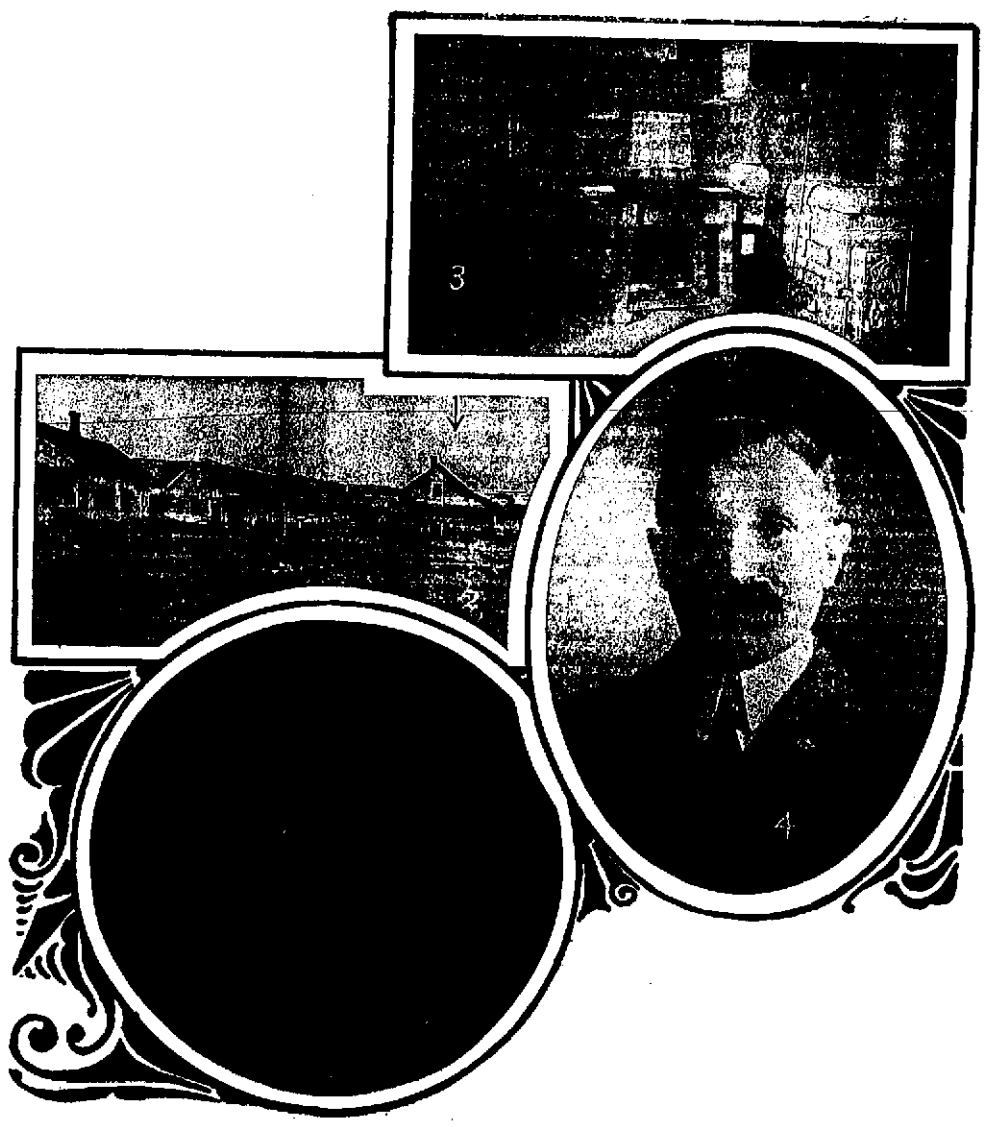
SKETCH OF GODINO'S LIFE.

Very little is known of the past life of Frank Godino, except what he tells himself. He said that he was born in Italy about nineteen years ago and came to the United States when he was quite a young boy. His father is dead and his mother is married again. He did not get along extra well with his stepfather, although they never had any serious quarrels, and he started out for himself when barely in his teens. He worked in various places and finally came to Olean about a year ago. Shortly before this crime was committed he joined the Italian society known as the "Black Hand," an organization which is feared as much as death by the sons of Italy and to which half the crimes among Italians in this country is laid. He said that he was ordered by the chief of that society in Olean to come to Coryville and levy tribute from the Italians there and laid the blame of his present predicament at their door, saying that he dared not disobey their orders under penalty of death.

Physically he was as near a perfect specimen of manhood as is often seen. He was about five feet, ten inches high, broad, square shoulders, well developed muscles and chest and a giant in strength. His features when in repose were pleasant and in some respects might be called handsome for he had a good forehead, sharp eyes, well defined nose and mouth, rather light skin and a square chin which showed courage and determination, but when in a fit of rage his features seemed to contract, a wicked glint came into his eyes and his complexion changed like the sky before a thunderstorm and it was easily seen that he was a dangerous man when in this mood.

THE CRIME.

On the evening of Monday, March 26, 1906, four Italians came from Olean and got off the train at Coryville. They found their way to an Italian shanty on the flats near the old mill where some fifteen men lived while working at cutting chemical wood under the management of Fosidio Tiberi. Upon being ad-



1. Francis Godino. 2. Scene of the crime at Coryville. 3. Interior of the house in which murder occurred. 4. Sheriff Mitchell.

Growing in Favor.

A revolution in affairs theatrical has been quite noticable to the man who observes during the past few years, and as a result the popular priced show has been suddenly but substantially placed on the pedestal of high public favor, and now the engagement of the week stand company is looked forward to with as keen interest as is the coming of the more vain theatrical events. The better class of play-goers have begun to realize that it not necessary to pay exorbitant prices in order to see clean, moral and refined plays and have now commenced to favor the established repertoire companies with their patronage. There is no reason for this change of feeling towards the traveling stock company now is no doubt due to the very excellent entertainments offered by them, for it is well known that many of the regular patrons of this and other cities would much rather prefer to sit through these plays with their continuous method of putting in vaudeville between the acts and thus doing away with long waits one is compelled to endure at many of the high priced productions. The whole problem is explained in a few words spoken by Mr. McCann, the general manager of the Burke-McCann company, who are to appear here at the Lyceum three nights, beginning Monday of next coming week.

The Round Table Club.

The Round Table Club at its last meeting was very much entertained and benefited by D. C. Young's account of his trip to Europe, and the meetings are growing in interest. Mr. Young was elected president, Rev. F. D. Ware vice president and W. A. Andorfer secretary and treasurer. The next meeting will be held next Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the parlors of the Baptist church and the subject will be "Do we derive our greatest prosperity through the combination of capital?" F. D. Gallup will open the discussion and will be followed by general remarks by gentlemen present. Come and bring your friends.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

Criminal court convened at the court house Monday at 1 p. m., with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. The grand jurors were sworn in and Geo. F. Guy of Bradford was appointed foreman of that body.

The first case on trial was Com. vs. Mrs. Richard Marshall and Lucy Patterson, charged with larceny. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Monday two local druggists were returned for selling liquor in quantities to the county home, contrary to law. County Physician Ostrander claims to have prescribed the liquor as medicine for sick and infirm patients at the home and the [illegible] should not be prescribed only in homeopathic doses. The grand jury returned not a true bill and county pay the costs.

The case of Patsy Farouf of Bradford, charged with stealing an overcoat from a trainman on the B., R. & P., was tried Tuesday and he was found guilty.

In the case of Com. vs. W. T. Mix, charged with the larceny of three beef hides near Port Allegany, the jury found him guilty.

Wm. Bess of Eldred, charged with stealing chickens, plead guilty and sentence was suspended until the June term. O. L. Knowlton appeared before the court and plead guilty to the charge of larceny. Sentence was suspended until June term.

Clyde McKinney of Bradford, plead guilty to the count of larceny and will be sentenced later.

A very revolting case was tried yesterday when John Cappero, an Italian from Lewis Run, was on trial for committing statutory rape upon the person of Mamie Monago, a six-year-old child. The jury returned a verdict of guilty last evening and the man will be sentenced later in the week. The penalty is 15 years.

Judge David Cameron of Tioga county has been assisting Judge Bouton this week.

Smethport Wins.

The Smethport High School basket ball team won its first victory from an out-of-town team when it defeated the Portville team at the Lyceum last Friday evening by a score of 23 to 18 before a small crowd of enthusiasts.

The game was fast and exciting from start to finish and the boys from this borough went into the game to win if possible and by putting up a stronger game than their opponents they did the deed, and they deserve a great deal of credit for the Portville team was a husky looking bunch and made it quite warm for their opposing forces.

Two baskets thrown from the field by the local team were Pancoast 3, Glavin 7, Sherburne 1, on fouls, Glavin 1; by Portville, Fox 1, N. Henderson 1, Casey, 1, F. Henderson 6. A preliminary game between the Star Midgets and the Sub Midgets resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 10 to 7. Following is the lineup of the Smethport-Portville game:

PORTVILLE 18.	SMETHPORT 23.
Fox, f	Pancoast, f
N. Henderson, f	Glavin, f
F. Henderson, c	Sherburne, c
Gibbons, g	Lyons, g
Casey, g	McGowan, g

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my [illegible]

Death of T. S. Holmes.

T. S. Holmes died at his home in Coryville last Saturday, February 23rd, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, aged 66 years, 5 months and 10 days.

The deceased was born in Livonia, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1850, but nearly his entire life has been passed in Coryville and vicinity. On July 2, 1873, he was united in marriage to Miss Ella C. Cory of Coryville, who with four children, two sons and two daughters, are left to mourn his demise. The children are John of Coryville, Leonard of Ridgway, Mrs. George Moody of Coryville and Mrs. Otto Tuttle of Olean. He was an active member of the M. W. of Woodmen of America and G. A. R. Grange, and lent his efforts in the interest of these organizations. He was a communicant of St. Luke's Episcopal church of Smethport.

The deceased was an honorable and exemplary citizen, a kind and obliging neighbor, a loving husband and helpmate and an affectionate father. His sudden death will be sincerely mourned not alone by the relatives, but by all who had become acquainted with him or had dealings with him.

The funeral was held from the family residence Monday morning, Rev. J. H. McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church, and Rev. Smith of the United Brethren, officiating, and the remains were laid at rest in the Coryville cemetery. Large delegations from the Woodmen and Grange attended the last sad rites, as well as a host of sorrowing friends and neighbors. The floral tributes were many and profuse.

The family of the deceased wish to thank the members of the Grange and Woodmen of America for the kindness shown during the illness and death of Mr. Holmes.

Proposed New Club House.

At a meeting of the Travellers' Club last Saturday afternoon Mrs. D. C. Young offered to this society the building known as the narrow gauge depot together with a portion of the lot, for club house purposes. At present this property is in litigation and until a settlement is made action has been deferred.

Providing the building and lot remains the property of Mrs. Young the Travellers' Club will accept the generous offer and proceed to convert the building into a commodious and thoroughly modern club house. In order to do this the building will be moved to the high part of the lot and the the Club will make the necessary alterations and from proposed plans the writer is led to believe that it will not only be a pleasant home for the members of this organization but an ornament to the town as well.

Should the Travellers' Club deem it necessary at any time to relinquish a claim to the building it will then revert to the borough to be used as a library.

It is a generous act on the part of Mrs. Young and one that will be appreciated not only by the members of the Travellers' Club, but by the people in general. Mrs. Young has been a prime mover in the Club ever since its organization and has been interested in its welfare, and together with the other members, has labored untiringly with one end in view—a home for the Club, and providing a satisfactory agreement can be reached that home is assured.

Death of E. F. Waller.

Edwin Fuller Waller died suddenly at his home in Eldred township, at a little after 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, of heart failure. Deceased had been ailing for some time, but had kept up until a short time before death came. He was born in Enosburg Centre, Vt., March 17, 1837, and about 35 years ago he moved his family to this county, taking up his residence in Smethport where they lived until about seven years ago when they moved to Eldred which has since been their home. A widow, three daughters, Mrs. John Walter of Lebanon, Mrs. M. Coleman of Glen Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. C. J. Cary of Eldred, and one son, D. E. Waller of Eldred, survive. The funeral was held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the house, Rev. J. H. McCandless and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, interment being made in Oak Hill cemetery.—Eldred Eagle. His death will be sincerely mourned by many acquaintances in this borough.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending February 23, 1907:

Miss E. M. Glover, Miss Lillian Hagman, Mrs. A. Haskins, J. B. Lucas Floyd E. Rees, Chester Van Order.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Girls wanted at the [illegible] Hotel.

The Weaver's Knot.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

"OH, Pearl, I can't do it, I can't. I've been tryin' a whole week now, an' I ain't no nearer than when I started. I might as well give up tryin' an' go back. It ain't in me."

There was a pitiful despair in the speaker's voice, and the long, lean face looked so woebegone as to be almost grotesque. But the eyes were beautiful—beautiful and pathetic, like the ox's when overworked or the mountain pheasant's when caged and brought from its solitudes—large, full orbed, lustrous eyes, looking out with frightened uncertainty upon new things. Josie glanced into them and checked the laugh which had bubbled as far as her lips, for the cause of the despair was only the tying of a weaver's knot.

"Oh, well, Melindy," she said reassuringly, "I guess you'll get it all right in time. Most weavers have trouble at first. I know I did. That knot's the hardest kind in the world till you learn how; then it's the easiest. See." And she passed her fingers across a thread, apparently just touching it, and there was a knot. Melindy looked on admiringly, despairingly.

"It's the fingers," she declared drearily. "Yours is soft an' smooth an' long, an' mine"— She held up her big, toil worn hands as more eloquent than words, and Josie nodded an assent.

"Yes, fingers help," she agreed, "but yours'll wear smooth in time."

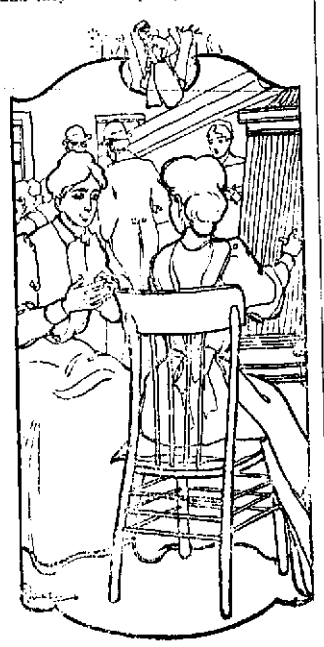
"I don't know," skeptically. "My fingers are pretty nigh big's your wrist an' 'bout as clumsy. I ain't a bit o' finger tips, an' they're what tie the knots. Mine's been all roughed up cheggin' down trees in the woods an' handlin' the cows drivin' cattle an' pullin' fodder an' things like that. The hands of weavers is almost hard's a log. I don't believe they ever can get over it, to have feelin' like yours. I ought to 've stayed back in the woods."

"But you said you couldn't earn over a dollar a week there at most," reminded Josie, "and here you can make five or six after you learn how to weave. I'm thinking that now and sometimes more. You want to do a lot of things for the brothers and sisters you've been telling me about and for your sick mother. If you give up, you'll have to give that up too."

"If there was a chance, the least bit of a chance, I'd never give up," said Melindy, a flush coming to her lean face. "But I can't see's there is. Pap an' me went out west in the woods all winter to pay a sickness bill of his'n, an' I worked just as long every day as he did an' got the meals, an' we didn't give up till every last cent was paid. Our folks don't give up. That's why I've stuck to this knot a whole week, when I knew it wasn't no use at the end of the first day. It's jest wastin' your time and our time, an' the only thing for me is to go back home."

A quiver came in the voice now, but it was strong enough to hold back the tears. Presently, however, they came and she cried, involuntarily her hand fell upon the big, rough one sorely.

"Just you try it a few more days, Melindy," she pleaded. "Folks never know what they can do till it comes. They think they can't, and it's no use, and they won't try any more, and then



"SEE HOW A SO PRETTY SIGH HUG'S YOUR WRIST."

all at once their eyes are opened, and they know they can. If I were you, Melindy, I wouldn't give up a weaver's knot after just one week. It ain't so hard as learning a crow to sing, and I can't see that the getting to that first knot and I'm not thinking of stopping now. And, Melindy," hesitating a little and looking her companion inquiringly in the face, "I guess this means a good deal to you, more than just the work and the dollars."

Melindy turned her face away, but not before Josie saw in the depths of the big, patient eyes a frightened shadow.

"Yes, it means a good deal," slowly, "a good deal—everything. If I go back into the woods I shan't ever come out ag'in. I shan't dast. It'll be choppin' wood an' strippin' tanbark all the rest o' my life, an' I hate it, I hate it!" her voice becoming bitter. "It's so—so in the when I want to do. But it'll have to come. I'm willin' to try that knot another week or so longer, Josie, since you want me to, but it's time wasted."

The cotton mill was a small affair, built many years before and still wholly dependent upon its water wheel for power. Its help was about as crude as its modern force, being drawn mainly from the wild country in back and beyond; here inadequately upon the very machines they were later to use. In each department a few experienced operators had been brought up from the more concentrated mill section below, and these few were expected to show new hands about the work in addition to running machines. Josie Brock was one of these operators in the weave shop and Melindy Weeks perhaps the crudest of all the new hands. But then Melindy Weeks had come from the wildest of the back country, walking thirty-five miles with her baggage tied in a newspaper.

The water supply was a small stream as inefficient as the rest of the mill outfit. During seven months of the year it did all that could be asked, and the mill ran full time, but through the other five, when little rain fell and there was no snow to melt, the stream often shrank to a tiny thread, and then the great water wheel ceased to revolve until the stream rose a few inches, when it would start again and run for an hour or so and then stop for the water once more to rise.

During Melindy's first week the mill had made full time, for there had been rains, but the day after her talk with Josie this temporary supply became exhausted, and the stream commenced to shrink. When they went out to dinner, Josie cast an anxious glance at two sand bars which were beginning to show in the middle of the stream.

"When the sand bars run together," she said to Melindy, "the water 'll be too low to move the wheel, and then we'll have to stop. And from the way the bars look now it'll be by 2 o'clock. We'll likely stay shut down till 5 or so, then start up and run an hour or two in the evening to help make up. It's likely to be that way right along now until another rain. Well, I'll bring in some crochet work to help fill in time, but I guess my $6 this week won't be over $4."

"I can't do crochet work an' things like that," returned Melindy, "so if we stop I guess I'll go out an' look round some."

So at 2 o'clock, when, as Josie had predicted, the machinery began to go slower and slower and finally stopped with the necessary shutting off of the vanishing power, Melindy took her hat and went out. But instead of looking around the village, as she had first thought, her steps took her naturally up the stream toward the woods. She had been away from them a whole week. In a few minutes she had vanished among the foliage.

An hour later she came hurrying back, an odd look of interest in her face.

"Where can I find a shovel?" she asked the yardman.

He jerked his thumb toward a small building. "In the tool house there, I guess," he answered. "Found some wild posies ye want to take up, eh? Well, wipe the shovel off dry when ye're through an' put it back jest where ye find it."

Melindy nodded and went on to the tool house, from which she presently emerged with a long handled spade.

At half past 4 one of the owners and the superintendent were walking on the dam watching the water. It had risen about three inches.

"Not much since or more than an hour's work, I think," said the superintendent.

"I'm afraid so. In the end we shall have to put in steam power, I suppose, though that will be more expensive than our little mill warrants."

They walked on to the end of the dam and leaned against the log frame of the water gate. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the superintendent uttered a wondering exclamation and leaned forward, peering down at the water.

"Great Scott," he exclaimed, "four inches of water since we've been standing here! That's seven inches and plenty enough to keep us going till 9 o'clock. And look yonder up the stream! There's a regular freshet coming down! What's it mean, anyhow? There isn't a cloud in the sky, so it isn't a cloudburst. But never mind, though. I know what it means," hastily. "It means a full day's work for tomorrow and the next day and maybe for the next. Excuse me now, sir. You can stay and watch the phenomenon if you like. I must run and get that mill started."

Twenty minutes later the owner was still standing there, beaming, but perplexed. Then he saw a girl coming toward him with a spade over her shoulder, her hands soiled and her face red from recent exertion.

"How's the water comin' on?" she asked affably.

"Fine," he smiled, "but I cannot understand the reason, only the result. I hope it will keep on like this for awhile."

"It'll keep on pretty well, but not like this," she answered in a matter of fact voice. "I guess the water 'll come down 'bout twice as fast as it did before, an' it'll come pretty steady."

He looked at her in amazement.

"What, you know where it comes from?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's jest a pond I tapped," she answered. "I was lookin' for lilies an' went clear round the pond. It covers much as five or six acres, I guess, an' on the other side there's a brook most as big as this that runs off into a swamp. An' I didn't see any place where water run in. That made me know the pond was full o' spring holes where the water boils up pretty fast. But I didn't think anything special till I got back to this stream an' sat down. Then I noticed water tricklin', and that made me know the pond was higher, an' I got up an' looked round. Then I come for the shovel."

"And you cut through?" he asked, intensely interested.

She nodded. "'Twa'n't more'n ten feet. I commenced at the river an' dug 'bout three or four feet deep till I got near the pond, then tapped through. An' I got pretty wet an' muddy," she finished, laughing. "I guess I'd better run to the boardin' house an' clean up 'fore I go in the mill."

"YOU'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT HANDS DO."

"And you cut through," he repeated. "Strange that you should discover such a thing, and we never thought of it in all the years we've been here. I've hunted around that pond a hundred times, I suppose, and never thought of there being any difference in the level of the water."

"Oh, it was jest one o' them things that happens," she answered carelessly. "I set right where the water trickled down, an' I was thinkin' 'bout the mill stoppin' for water. I couldn't help the rest. If I'd set down ten foot off I'd never have thought, an' I might 'a' walked a hundred times round the pond without noticin'. But if I was you I'd send some men up an' dig that ditch twice as deep. It would let the water in better. An' I'd stop up the brook on t'other side. Then you'd have the whole thing."

"I'll do it at once," he said quickly, "and thank you for the suggestion. And now about yourself? We must do something in return for all this. I don't believe you realize what that water means to us."

Her face flushed. "If that means givin' me something," she answered soberly, "I guess you'd better not study over it any more. Back where I came from we don't have folks give us anything, an' my work would 'a' fetched loss 'n 5 cents."

When she returned to the mill, Josie met her with sober face.

"The overseer's been here talking to me," she said hesitatingly, "and—and he doesn't seem to think it's any use for you to keep on at the knot. He wants me to take on another girl to show. I'm awfully sorry, Melindy."

But Melindy did not seem in the least disconcerted.

"I've known it since the first day," she returned composedly, "but you wanted me to keep on tryin'. This 'll save both of us wastin' more time."

As she was turning away the overseer came hurrying toward them, embarrassed and apologetic.

"You haven't told her yet?" he asked of Josie. Then, glancing at her face: "Yes, I see you have. Well, it was all a big mistake what I said. I've just been talking with the superintendent. We want Miss Melindy to take a job as spare hand."

"As a gift?" asked Melindy coldly.

"No," eagerly, "as real, needed help. You've been here long enough to see what the spare hands have to do. You're stronger than any girl in here and can do the work of a man. There'll be warps and cuts of cloth to carry and help of all kinds to do. Good land, there'll be work enough! We'll pay—$4 a week at first. Will you stay?"

"Yes, please do, Melindy," urged Josie.

Melindy looked from one to the other doubtfully; then her face cleared.

"Yes, I'll stay," she answered. "There's plenty of work I can do. I've seen that. I guess I can earn the money."

Three months later she came to Josie one morning, her face radiant. "See, Josie," she breathed, "I—I can do it. I can get a loom an' weave. See." And she took a thread and passed her fingers over it, and, behold, there was a weaver's knot!

A Monster Carpet.

A notable Axminster carpet has just been completed at the Royal carpet factory, Wilton, for a well known London club. It is entirely hand made and, although woven in one piece, measures over sixty-two feet in length and thirty-five feet in breadth. An immense room over forty feet long had to be especially erected to make it, and thirteen workers were continuously engaged for more than four months in its manufacture.—London Chronicle.

"Temperance" Intemperance.

Always mitigate your tendency to excessive tea or excessive coffee. There is a very bad kind of drunkenness of both, whose symptoms are dyspepsia, unrest and visions. Excess is here as a possibility, just as it is a possibility with alcohol. Alcoholic excess leads to the police court now and then. Excess as to tea and coffee has no aftermath of lapse of respectability, but has most certainly a direct personal aftermath of nerves and disastrous health.—Dr. Dabbs in C. B. Fry's Magazine.

It is a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all dealers.

A GALLOWS MYSTERY

John Lee's Remarkable Experience on the Scaffold.

FACED DEATH THREE TIMES.

And Three Times the Trap, Which Had Previously Been Tested and Found In Good Working Order, Refused to Open When the Bolt Was Drawn.

One of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed on the gallows took place in England in the last century.

Early on the morning of Feb. 23, 1885, a considerable crowd of people gathered before the grim front of Exeter prison. It was a silent crowd, shivering in the keen wind that blew around those frowning walls on that dull, misty morning, and its eyes were all bent on a flagstaff which stood bare. They were waiting for a flag to be hoisted—the terrible black flag which should announce that justice had been done on a murderer.

Inside the prison a warder stood ready, holding in his hand the cord which should hoist the hideous black drapery lying on the ground at his feet, but the signal did not come. Instead of it there arrived an excited prison officer.

"The flag will not be hoisted. Lee will not be hanged today," he said.

John Lee, the prisoner whose death signal that crowd had awaited, had had one of the most remarkable escapes from capital punishment recorded in our prison history. To this day it remains somewhat of a mystery how John Lee lived so many years after the events of that terrible morning.

"I had a dream," the wretched man wrote to his sister the day after his fearful experience on the scaffold—"I had a dream on Sunday night (the night before the day fixed for the execution) that the scaffold was not ready and that they had to make another. I told the officers that were on watch over me at 6 o'clock in the morning, but I did not think it was coming true. But it did. It was the Lord's will that I should not die yesterday at the time appointed by man. I believe what occurred was a miracle. I was on the brink of death three times. It is my wish to die. I am tired of this world, and I am waiting for the time to come, and I hope it will not be long. I have been dead to this world three times."

John Lee did not exaggerate his awful experience.

At 8 in the morning of that February day he had been led from his cell to die. In what had been the coach house of the prison the gallows had been erected. Beneath was a deep pit covered by the closed doors, which, when the condemned man was placed in proper position, should, at a signal from the executioner, fly open, a bolt being withdrawn by an assistant pulling a lever. The whole arrangement had been tested several times and had worked satisfactorily. But now, with John Lee standing there with the cap drawn over his face and the hangman's rope around his neck, the flap doors beneath his feet would not give way! Berry made the fatal signal, the assistant pulled the lever, the bolt flew back, but the doors kept their place. Then warders rushed forward and stamped with their feet upon the doors. They remained firm. Lee was led aside, and carpenters were called in to saw some of the woodwork away. Again all was ready. The clergyman once more came to the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." Again the signal was given, the bar was pulled, but the doors refused to part.

John Lee stood there before them alive!

Three times did that happen. For no fewer than eighteen minutes Lee stood there tasting the agony of momentarily expected death.

Then the white cap was taken from his face and the rope from around his neck, and he was led back to prison, while the jail authorities hastily conferred as to what should be done. A telegram was dispatched to the home secretary, Sir William Harcourt, informing him of the extraordinary occurrence and requesting instructions. Later the undersheriff proceeded to London to interview the secretary.

"I felt," said Sir William Harcourt later in the house of commons, "that it would shock the feelings of every one if this man were called upon to again undergo the pangs of imminent death, and I consequently signed a respite during her majesty's pleasure."—London Tit-Bits.

Eased His Conscience.

An amusing story is related of Johns Hopkins. Honesty was evidently one of the fundamental traits of his character. On one occasion he was sent by his mother to borrow a flatiron of a neighbor. The good neighbor gave him the flatiron and at the same time offered him a piece of pie.

"No, thank you. I don't want any pie," said the red faced boy as he started home. Halfway there the pie and his conscience were too much for him. He wheeled about and knocked again at the neighbor's door, his face redder than ever. "I told you a story," he explained; "I did want that pie."

A Last Resort.

First Farm Servant—Why did the farmer's wife give you notice? Second Farm Servant—She said I was no good for anything. I couldn't even mind the sheep. So I am going into the town to be a nursemaid.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Riches are like sea water, the more you drink the thirstier you become.—Schopenhauer.

Spring Winds chap tan and cause freckles to appear. Pinesalve Carbolized applied at night will relieve that burning sensation. Nature's own remedy. Acts like a poultice and draws out inflamation. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DRUGGISTS' GLOBES.

How the Colors in the Window Emblems Are Produced.

"The big glass globes filled with colored water which were once in the front windows of every drug store are not seen now as frequently as of old," said a drug clerk to a reporter.

"Of course many are still in use, but in the refurbishment of the window displays in drug stores by reason of the installation of the electric light they have been displaced. With the old gas jet arrangement there were but two or three separate illuminations, mostly placed behind the globes in question.

"The colored contents of these globes and their chemical constituents are a mystery to most persons, and I have had ladies ask me if they contained colored perfumes. The globes are made in all sorts of fancy and elaborate shapes and designs. Some are costly. Their history is buried in antiquity, but as they contain chemical compositions they were primarily, as they are now, the emblem of the chemist.

"The water is filtered and beautifully colored by chemical admixtures and are composed of such chemicals that they will withstand the rays of the sun and not fade. The exquisite pale green, which is one of the popular selections of coloring, is a solution of nitrate of nickel, and most persons will be surprised to learn that it is derived from dissolving the common five cent nickel piece in nitric acid. A few five cent nickel pieces dissolved in this acid will produce enough coloring body to tinge several gallons of water and give a coloring which is most pleasing to the eyes.

"The red, which is also a very bright, beautiful and permanent color and which shows very effectively both by day and when illuminated at night, is made from resublimated or metallic iodine. The blue is made from sulphate of copper and ammonia, and the yellow is produced by an admixture of bichromate of potash and sulphuric acid. Any person can make these beautiful colorings, especially the green, but as the acids used are very powerful it is best to have them prepared by a chemist, as a drop of nitric acid on the hand will eat a hole in the flesh.

"In fact, even druggists make mistakes. I remember one who tried to get a fine new color that other druggists didn't have, so he mixed tincture of chloride of iron with antipyrin. It did, in fact, make a fine color in the globes, but when the sun's rays rested on it for a few hours explosive gases were generated, which sent the globes flying in a thousand pieces and wrecked the contents of the window."—Washington Star.

SOME NEW YORK "FIRSTS."

The first street used for building purposes was Pearl.

The first manor house was erected by Killian Van Rensselaer in 1630.

The first man sentenced to be hanged for murder was a negro known as "the giant" (1641).

The first record of marine signaling was a small redoubt erected in 1641 upon the eastern headland of the island, where a flag was raised whenever a vessel arrived.

The first building on the site of New York city was erected by the Dutch in the spring of 1615. It was a tiny structure of logs, answering the double purpose of storehouse and fort.

The first ferry to Long Island was established in 1637. It was in the vicinity of Peck slip. Cornelis Dirckssen, who had a farm near by, came to ferry passengers at the sound of a horn which he hung against a tree near his skiff.—New York Herald.

Kissing the Feet.

The custom of kissing the feet of persons whom it was desired to honor originated with the ancients. The people of oriental nations used to kiss the hands and feet or hems of the clothes of the persons they wished to show respect for. The ancient Egyptians got this custom from the Assyrians, and later the Greeks adopted the habit from the Egyptians. The Romans followed the Greeks, and then Pontifex Maximus had his great toe kissed by celebrities. The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips, and the poorest classes must be content to make a low obeisance in his presence.

Champion Jumper of the Ocean.

The most stupendous of all leapers of the sea is the whale, but the whale is not a fish. I have seen a monster weighing hundreds of tons, possibly eighty feet in length, rise slowly and deliberately out of the water until it appeared to be dancing on the surface, entirely clear of it, then sink slowly back. Such a leap is on record in the annals of the British navy. A large whale cleared a boat, going completely over it, an estimated leap of twenty feet in air—how many in a lateral direction was not known.—Charles F. Holder in Outing Magazine.

Literally Speaking.

Hi Harix—Howe be yore son gittin' along sense he went tew th' city? Si Meadowgrass—Oh, he's flourishin'. Hi Harix—I'm powerful glad tew hear it. What's he doin'? Si Meadowgrass—He's a-teachin' penmanship in one ov them business colleges.—Pittsburg Press.

His Name.

Lawyer—What is your full name? Witness—K. K. K. Karl Benson. Lawyer—What do all the K's stand for? Witness—Nothing; the minister who christened me stuttered.—Boston Transcript.

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasingly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse, Lax-ets beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by all dealers.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is on hand. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

TRIAL.—Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N.Y. Mention this paper.

REMEMBER, the full name is DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) and druggists.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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and
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Nature's Way Is Best.

The function strengthening and tissue building plan of treating chronic, lingering and obstinate cases of disease as pursued by Dr. Pierce, is following after Nature's plan of restoring health.

He uses natural remedies, that is extracts from native medicinal roots, prepared by processes wrought out by the expenditure of much time and money, without the use of alcohol, and by skillful combination in just the right proportions.

Used as ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Black Cherry-bark, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot and Stone root, specially exert their influence in cases of lung, bronchial and throat troubles, and this "Discovery" is, therefore, a sovereign remedy for bronchitis, laryngitis, chronic coughs, catarrh and kindred ailments.

The above native roots also have the strongest possible endorsement from the leading medical writers, of all the several schools of practice, for the cure not only of the diseases named above but also for indigestion, torpor of liver, or biliousness, obstinate constipation, kidney and bladder troubles and catarrh, no matter where located.

You don't have to take Dr. Pierce's say-so alone as to this; what he claims for his "Discovery" is backed up by the writings of the most eminent men in the medical profession. A request by postal card or letter, addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a little book of extracts from eminent medical authorities endorsing the ingredients of his medicines, will bring a little book free that is worthy of your attention if needing a good, safe, reliable remedy of known composition for the cure of almost any old chronic, or lingering malady.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic.

The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A splendid 1008-page volume, with engravings and colored plates. A copy, paper-covered, will be sent to anyone sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing *only*, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps.

A Temple Made From a Single Stone.

Mayallpmum, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite bowlders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long and twelve feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to carve these graceful edifices from native rock.

Hard Drilling.

A bit of the kind of American humor that has thrived since the days of Benjamin Franklin comes from a Montana mining camp.

Said one miner, "The rock down in that shaft is so hard that they used six barrels of drills the other day and barely scratched it."

"Ugh!" said another. "I saw 'em working on a ledge once where the rock was so hard that after they had used nine barrels o' drills on it the hole struck out six inches."

He Liked School.

A [illegible] four-year old boy was taken to school for the first time. After he had been given a desk and set to work he suddenly put up his little hand.

"What do you want, Fritz?" asked the teacher.

"I should like to know when the holidays begin," said Fritz.—Die Muskete.

No Great Loss.

"Oh, I am in despair," cried a poor woman, "my son has swallowed a cent!"

"Do not be too much distressed," said her friend. "After all, a cent is not a great sum."—Scraelapensieri.

Up and Down.

Stranger—What are your terms? Hotel Clerk—Rooms a dollar up. Stranger—I'm a poet, and I want— Clerk—Oh, in that case our terms are a dollar down.—Boston Transcript.

To Extract Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oil silk or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days after commencing, a fragrant oil may be expected to come from the whole mass.

[illegible].

One playwright, the most part overlooked the [illegible] importance, originality and [illegible] charms of clothing in place of artistic fitness. The new costume have to some extent frequently upset the results of address rehearsals, the actresses no longer rehearsing in the dress as they did before the dressmaker sent home their gowns while the variety of their [illegible] is not equaled by the uniformity of their fashions.—A. W. Pinero in Costume.

Inconsistency.

"What is inconsistency?" asked the curious one.

"Well," responded the wise one, "it is that spirit which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."—Chicago News.

Fortune gives many too much, but no one enough.—Lubertus.

In Doubt.

"Her husband left her a fortune on condition that she shouldn't marry again, and you say she isn't satisfied?"

"No. She can't make out whether it means jealousy or revenge."—Detroit Free Press.

He is great who can do what he wishes. He is wise who wishes to do what he can.—Ifland.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS

The **NEWHOUSE** TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The **VICTOR** TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

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A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio

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EDGAR W. [illegible]

BOTH 'PHONES. RUHLS FLOUR. Smethport

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If your lights are not satisfactory try our new Inverted Gas Light for $1.25 complete.

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Repairing a Specialty.

To Hear From Cooper

L. T. COOPER.

¶ We wish to call the attention of the public to a to a series of "short talks" by L. T. Cooper that are to be published in this paper.

¶ The Cooper medicines have made a remarkable record in the leading cities of the United States during the past two years and young Mr. Cooper has been the subject of much newspaper comment.

¶ Mr. Cooper has met and talked with thousands of sick people in his visits to almost every large city in the country.

¶ He is noted as a man of very few words and tells briefly in these articles what his preparations are doing for sick people and why they have been successful wherever introduced.

¶ Mr. Cooper's theory is that one half of all human ills is caused by stomach trouble, and the wonderful success of his preparations in the treatment of stomach disorders, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, etc., seems to have proven this claim.

¶ Some time ago we secured the agency for these celebrated medicines. We have been gratified by the extreme satisfaction of those who have purchased them from us and advise every one to read these "short talks" as they are full of terse, common sense.

McCoy's Drug Store.

...It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

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—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

The McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—L. K. Hogarth has a new ad in this issue.

—Read D. C. Young's advertisement in another column.

—"Thorns and Orange Blossoms" at the Lyceum to-night.

—The DuBois baseball team cleaned up about $2,000 on a fair recently.

—The morbid curious were on hand in the neighborhood of the jail Tuesday morning.

—A lodge of Elks is being instituted at Bradford to-day. Smethport is represented.

—Valuations have been raised all over the county and in this borough the rise is 150 per cent.

—J. W. Waite has a new ad this week in which he advertises Sharples Tubular Cream Separators.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisott is advertising a new line of Vantine's Oriental Perfumes, Sachets, etc., this week.

—Patrick McCabe, the genial "Pat" of Prospect Hill, is ill at the home of Patrick Hennretta in this borough.

—Attention is directed this week to the new advertisement of Fry & Comm this week. It is interesting reading.

—The opening play of the Burke-McCann Co., which starts a three nights' engagement Mar. 4, is "The Pride of Old Virginia."

—Alfred Strudvient has an ad in this issue; calling attention to his line of fruits, nuts, etc. He carries none but the best and desires a share of the trade.

—If evidence can convict or acquit a man, as the case may be, so can evidence be produced that Monheimer's half price sale of overcoats—as advertised by him on this page—is his loss and your gain.

—A young woman named Malone was very seriously injured in a coasting accident which occurred on Saturday evening. With several others she was riding down Davis street hill on a sled that became unmanageable. The sleigh crashed against a lumber pile and the girl was thrown with great violence against the lumber. Her scalp was cut, two front teeth were knocked out, one of her wrists was sprained and a thigh was fractured. She was taken to her home and given surgical treatment.—Bradford Era.

—The girls of the high school have organized a basket ball team.

—Wednesday, third week of Lent, at St Luke's the services will be as follows: Litany at 9:00 a. m., children's service at 4:00 p. m. Friday there will be Litany at 9:00 a. m., and evening prayer at 7:30 p. m.

—Services at St. Luke's church next Sunday, Mar. 3, (third Sunday in Lent) will be as follows: Morning prayer at 10:00 a. m., Holy Communion and sermon at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school 12 m., evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m.

—At a reciprocity meeting of the women's club held with the Kane Study Club last Friday, Mrs. J. Scott Walker and Mrs. T. A. Morrison read interesting papers, the former on "The Scope of Club Work," and the latter on "Tribute to Washington."

—Wright Foster, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Foster, died at their home in Independence, Kansas, Thursday, Feb. 21. Mrs. Foster is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright of this borough, and has many friends in this vicinity who extend sympathy.

—The Tuna window glass company at Bradford has been sold to the Flint bottle company of that place and on Saturday it will cease operations as a window plant, but will be used by the bottle company in the manufacture of bottles. The Tuna company will not give up business, but will probably locate in West Virginia.

The Gruff Historian.

Neither at the Saturday Review dinners nor in the companies in which I have met Freeman at Wells did he often show himself a genial companion. His taste for snubbing amounted to a craze. His tendency to contradiction on every possible opportunity altogether exceeded that even of Bob Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, himself. Freeman was more agreeable to encounter in the open air than at a dinner table. In the Mendip district whenever I heard a horse's hoofs pelting along some piece of turf by the roadside and a voice singing the refrain of some old cavalier song I knew that if I looked round I should see the historian pounding along on a sturdy nag which, according to tradition, in a burst of generosity he once offered to Carlyle as a gift.—Chambers' Journal.

Every one knows that Spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleaning. Dade's Little Liver Pills are highly recommended. Try them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Sorrow.

"Herr Huber, come home immediately. Your wife has suffocated herself with gas." Huber—Heavens! There'll be a nice gas bill to pay!—Wiener Salonwitzblatt.

Vulgarity in manner defiles fine garments more than mud.—Plautus.

Empty men are the trumpets of their own deeds.—Massinger.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE.

No Opiates, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

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Upper Levels.

By HONORE WILLSIE.

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On a Sunday afternoon Dick strolled across the meadows beyond the town. He had grown to love the swelling slope that stretched up from the river to the mining sheds. For the first time he was beginning to think that his father's taunt at the "leader of cotillons" was to be productive of good; that, combined with Alice Upham's refusal, the taunt had forced him to see life with a broader view.

It was the mines that had worked the change, the mines and Marian. Considering that she was a miner's orphan, Richard Houston gave a large amount of his thought to Marian. Considering that she "worked a bit for her board" with Mrs. Lisbon, the miner's wife with whom Dick boarded, Dick was having bad lapses of the Houston pride. Still, as Dick said to himself, there was not much danger of a man's making a fool of himself over a girl of sixteen.

On this particular Sunday, after a week when the miner's pick had been particularly distasteful to him, Dick had asked Marian to walk with him. At first she had hesitated; then she had refused, looking up into his face with a little smile that, even though she was only a child, he had come to watch and work for—a smile that curled delicate, deep red lips back over perfect teeth, a smile that lightened up the wistful little face to dazzling loveliness. As she slipped from the room Dick watched the lithe figure and the wonderful braid of hair that swept her back.

"If she were five years older"— But the sentence remained unfinished as he filled his pipe and started on his solitary tramp. He walked for hours,

SUDDENLY JACK STUMBLED AND FELL ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES.

and it was late twilight when he again crossed the meadows near the mines. It was a lonely spot, so Dick was surprised as he heard a voice:

"Oh, Mr. Houston!"

"Yes, Marian."

"Oh, I am so glad! Mrs. Lisbon and I have been worrying about you." Then, walking beside him with a distractingly confiding air: "Ever since you and Jim Lisbon took such a stand against the strike some of the toughs down at the end of the village have been making threats. Mrs. Lisbon went to find Jim, and I got to worrying and came out to find you."

"Steady, now, steady," said Dick to himself. "Remember that she is nothing but a miner's little girl." Then aloud: "Well, now, that is mighty good of you, but there isn't a bit of danger. I—great heavens!"

They were enveloped in an unbreathable cloud of dust. There was a dull, muffled rumble, a little scream from Marian, then silence.

"Marian!" called Dick as he struggled to rise. Marian rose to her knees, struggling and gasping for breath. The ground caved into a gallery. I have heard of it often."

"Are you hurt?" asked Dick.

"I—I think not."

Dick was now on his feet and pulled the girl up beside him. Then he took out his match safe and scratched three or four matches in rapid succession. They were in a pit formed by the sinking of the meadow into a mining level that had run too close to the surface. The pit was but half a dozen feet wide, but it was many times that to the field above. Dick dropped the match he held. "I won't light any more for awhile. We may need them later."

"Let's call," said Marian.

Dick gave a few lusty shouts, but silence seemed deeper than ever as he paused. A small hand crept into his, and his fingers closed warmly about it.

"I think I am frightened," half whispered Marian.

He chafed the slender fingers. "It's useless to try to climb this soft clay." A mass of debris slid to their feet. "We've got to get out of this. He scratched a match, then gave a quick exclamation. "Marian, there is a level opening!" He paused. Through both their minds flashed a picture of the dangers that would attend any attempt to escape through the mine. Yet they knew that each moment in the pit might mean death. Then a quick plunge and they were in the darkness of the mine. They felt their way in silence for several minutes, then:

"Are you frightened, Marian?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said Marian, "but that does not matter."

A new tone in the soft voice puzzled Dick. It was as if a woman and not a child had spoken. New thoughts were crossing Dick Houston's mind. If this little girl were five years older, if she were educated, if she were not a miner's daughter, if— The slender fingers lay very warmly and confidingly in his. A soft, thick braid of hair touched his face as Marian flung it back over her shoulder. Dick smiled tenderly as he pictured the familiar little gesture.

"Keep up your courage," he said. "There is no actual danger, you know, except of a bad cold for you." Not daring to speak of his fear of fire damp, he added, "Let's rest a moment."

"The darkness almost suffocates one," half whispered Marian.

Some strange madness was possessing Richard Houston. Family traditions, ideals, ambitions, were gone before a whirlwind that swept his brain. Still holding the soft hand, "Marian," he said, "do you suppose that in a couple of years from now you could do more than just like me?"

"How much more?" asked a demure little voice beside him.

Dick paused. "Could you love me?"

"But I don't know you at all, and," still more demurely, "somehow I never planned to love a miner."

Dick flushed in the darkness. "Perhaps by that time I shall be something more than a miner, for—for you have grown to be a great deal to me, little girl."

"Did you ever know," went on the girlish voice, "that if a grownup girl were to wear her hair in a braid down her back and shortish skirts even a very grownup girl would look like a child?"

Dick felt somewhat dazed. "But why should she do that?"

"Oh, so the men wouldn't bother her."

More and more bewildered was Dick, yet one clear purpose remained to him. "Marian," he whispered, "do you love me?"

Then the cold, the darkness and the fear of the fire damp were forgotten as Dick felt acquiescence in the yielding fingers. But only for a moment. "Please, please," trembled the girlish voice, "let's first get out of this awful place!"

Head and heart in a turmoil, Dick started on. Almost immediately his outstretched hands found the gallery barred. They had followed a blind level. Back again, stumbling and weary, with the fire damp rendering them dazed and short of breath; then, along the left hand level, on and on, until almost discouraged. Suddenly Dick stumbled and fell on his hands and knees. Marian gave a cry of dismay, but Dick uttered a joyful shout. "The truck, Marian! We are out of the old workings and we'll be at the surface in a few minutes!"

It was indeed but a short time more before the two stepped from the edge into the velvet dusk of the fall night. The stars gleamed softly overhead; the smell of dew wet meadows blew across their faces. The two stopped before beginning their walk up the street to the cottage.

"Whew! That's the hardest job I've had since football days," said Dick unthinkingly.

Marian looked up into his face. "Are you a college man?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"Are you any relation to the Houston who owns these mines?"

"His son. I came to learn the business from the pick up, as he did. But," he took the soft face between his hands, "that need make no difference, need it?"

Marian's reply seemed at first irrelevant. "I wrote a story of a coal miner. The editor liked it so well that he asked me for another chapter. I wanted good material and—and so—I really live in Boston."

Dick looked about him hastily. Then the little figure was almost lifted into his arms, while the great braid tangled in his fingers. "But I thought—I loved you when you were a sixteen-year-old miner's daughter!" he whispered.

"But, sir, if you really must know, I am twenty-two!"

"Then we will only wait for you to put up that braid." And Dick laughed like a boy.

A Crazy Man's Invention.

A famous New York alienist visited an insane asylum, where one of the inmates said to him: "I have invented a patent fly catcher. Greatest thing in the world. Here, I'll show you how it works." The man took a sheet of paper and drew a birdcage. "That," he said, "is a parrot's cage—just a common cage—but you observe that on this side there is a door with a heavy iron knob and that there is another door on the other side, also with a heavy iron knob. Now, you see, you take this parrot's cage and put it on a pedestal fourteen feet high, the pedestal standing on a marble slab. Then I place a ladder on this side, reaching up to one door, and a ladder on the other side, leading to the other door. This is how it works: The unsuspecting fly comes along and climbs up the ladder on this side. It opens the door by means of the iron knob, walks through the cage and opens the door on the other side. Then it starts down the other ladder. That's where we catch him!" the inventor continued excitedly. "That's where the invention is. That's where I shall get my money. You see, the fourth rung is missing in this second ladder, but the fly doesn't know it, and he falls on the marble slab and breaks his neck."

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

The Way Eugene Vivier Used to Set Paris Laughing.

Eugene Vivier, the born player, "the most charming of men and the spoiled child of nearly every court in Europe," says Henry S. Edwards in his "Personal Recollections," was the man who said of Napoleon III., "He is the most gentlemanly emperor I know."

"What can I do for you?" said this gentlemanly emperor one day when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuileries.

"Come out on the balcony with me, sire," replied the genial cynic. "Some of my creditors are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your majesty."

Vivier was a confirmed practical joker. Once while riding in an omnibus he pretended to be mad.

He indulged in the wildest gesticulations and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate!

Vivier could not bear to see people in a hurry. According to him, there was nothing in life worth hurrying for, and, living on the boulevard just opposite the Rue Vivienne, he was much annoyed at seeing so many persons hastening toward 6 o'clock to the post-office on the Place de la Bourse.

He determined to pay them out, and for that purpose bought a calf, which he took up to his apartments at night and exhibited the next afternoon at a few minutes before 6 o'clock in the balcony of his second floor. In spite of their eagerness to catch the post many persons could not help stopping to look at the calf.

Soon a crowd collected, and messengers stayed their steps in order to gaze at the unwonted apparition. Six o'clock struck, and soon after a number of men who had missed the post returned in an irritated condition and, stopping before Vivier's house, shook their fists at him. Vivier went down to them and asked the meaning of the insolence.

"We were shaking our fists at you," replied the angry ones, "and at that calf."

"Ah! You know him, then?" returned Vivier. "I was aware of it."

In this Vivier's calf became the subject of a scandal, according to which the animal itself in Vivier's experiments grew to be an ox and so annoyed the neighbors by his lowing that the proprietor of the house insisted on its being sent away. Vivier told him to come and take it, when it was found that the calf of other days had grown to such a size that it was impossible to get it downstairs.

Prescribing In Sleep.

"I had an unusual experience once," said a celebrated London doctor, "which illustrates how accurately the brain may sometimes carry on the activities of the day during the interval of sleep, although such unconscious action would not do to swear by. I watched all night at the bedside of a patient. Early in the morning I lay down, telling the nurse to call me if such and such changes occurred. The changes came, and she did call me. I rose, went to the bedside, examined the patient carefully, changed the medicine and ordered a different treatment. Then I went back to bed. When I awoke again and the nurse referred to the changes in the night, I did not know what she meant. I had not the faintest recollection of having been called or of having prescribed anything else. I examined the patient. She was better. Then I turned to the remedies. They were just what the case required. I had carried on the proper course of reasoning and had met every emergency of the case, and yet I was sound asleep all the while."

The True Sportsman.

The true, the ideal sportsman has no environment, no center of distribution, no accurately defined geographic range. He lives in Balham or Belgravia. He is of the peerage or the proletariat. He is a general officer on the active list or a retired sergeant. He prescribes drugs in a rural dispensary or he soothes malades imaginaires in his consulting room in Harley street. He preaches in the village church or in the cathedral. His hat hangs in the hall of the castle or in the cottage porch. His income is fifty thousand a year or nothing. He rides a cob or a thoroughbred, shoots with his grandfather's hammer gun or with the newest of hammerless ejectors, fishes with a hazel rod cut at the waterside or with the latest thing in split cane, sails the summer seas in a half rater or in a Sunbeam. Sportsmanship, in short, is an instinct, a birthright, not a commodity. Any one may buy its appurtenances. No one can buy its temperament.—F. G. Aflalo in Fortnightly Review.

The Tuna a Mighty Leaper.

Exactly how high a tuna can leap it is difficult to say. I have seen the water beaten into a foam by them four miles distant and have a photograph showing a fish—a black streak, at least—a mile distant, high in air, a jump of certainly ten or fifteen feet, and it is my opinion, based on what I have seen, that it is possible for a lusty tuna at full speed to project itself twenty feet into the air and thirty or forty feet in a horizontal direction. I judge the latter possible from the leap of a big tuna which cleared the kelp and landed high on the rocks at Santa Catalina. I have often stood in the center of a school of leaping tunas and watched them, but the situation is not one suggestive of repose or peace of mind. —Charles F. Holder in Outing Magazine.

Jerry's Find.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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The morning, brilliantly clear, was frosty and cold. Big Jerry Callahan blowing the tips of his fingers, red from holding the reins of the patient horse that pulled the half empty milk wagon, and contemplating the thought of arguments with angry cooks over the short allowance of milk that the weather imposed, felt his spirits sinking even lower than the mercury. An addition to his depression was the recollection of Kathleen —black eyed, pretty Kathleen who had chosen to attend the annual ball of the Shamrock society with fat Tim Donnelly. Brass buttons have always attracted the feminine eye, and Tim as he strutted along in his snug fitting blue uniform, twisting his billy, was a fine figure of a man. Callahan admitted that, albeit grudgingly. Yet, despite his good looks there was a something about the policeman which Jerry vaguely distrusted. And Norah had gone to the ball with him.

Turning back to his wagon after a heated discussion during the course of

IT WAS UPON THIS SCENE THAT A SMART LOOKING MAID BURST.

which an irate maid had accused him of filling her bottles from the loose milk can, a subdued whimper caught his attention. On the curb, her white fur edged coat sadly dirty, her chubby face stained with tears, stood a baby, a tiny girl baby of about three years, lost clearly and sobbing softly to herself.

Jerry scratched a puzzled ear. He could hardly leave her there alone. She was too small and helpless for that. Besides, the milk was shivering with fright and cold. Yet his duty was to deliver his milk. And no amount of careful inquiry could elicit more than the fact that her name was Muriel and that she lived on Fifth avenue.

After a moment's consideration he swung her to the seat, wrapping her well in an old blanket. The tot, reassured and happy, cuddled more closely under the friendly shelter and looked up with a trustful smile.

"Muriel's hungry," she announced.

When a second bottle of milk had followed the first, affairs began to look grave. Already short on his orders, the loss of two more bottles might involve him in serious trouble. But to fail those confiding blue eyes! Jerry shook his head as he whipped up the old white horse. The baby should not suffer. And he found himself watching the child with a perplexed frown. There was something oddly familiar about the little face, the rippling golden curls.

"Sure 'tis only that all babies do look alike, then," was his masculine conclusion. "They've all yellow hair and blue eyes."

Callahan's expectations were fulfilled. The last customers were very angry indeed when their full quota of milk was not forthcoming, and dire were the threats of complaint at headquarters.

"Sure 'tis my job that I may be after losing," reflected Jerry, with a rueful smile at the placid young person beside him. "But it can't be helped now," a true Irish philosophy coming to his aid. "So here goes for the station house."

In the precinct room the inspector looked up keenly as the Irishman came in, carrying a tired, sleepy bundle. Lost children were common enough, but today excitement had run wild and high.

"I found her this morning early," explained Jerry. "I met her on me round."

"White dress, white coat, pink shoes and stockings," itemized the sergeant rapidly. "It's she, all right. Why couldn't you have turned her in before?" wheeling sharply upon the startled Callahan. "Don't you know there's been the devil to pay about this?"

"Don't I know there's the devil to pay for the three bottles of milk she's drunk on me?" retorted Callahan. "How about that? It's a pity I hadn't left her to be run over by a team or an automobile. I'd have been thanked then, I suppose," with fine sarcasm.

"No talk, please," rapped out the sergeant curtly. "Send Donnelly here as soon as he comes in," he added on the telephone. "You wait," to Callahan.

It was a very excited Donnelly that half an hour later rushed into the room, a Donnelly who swore fluently and fast. Detailed specially on the case, for hours he had been scouring the streets in search of a child with white dress, white coat and pink stockings.

"And you to have had her all this time!" was his exasperated ejaculation. "I'm not sure but it'll be abduction; that's charged against you. To keep me busy this way!"

"'Twas hard, I admit," agreed Jerry plaintively. "It must be an unusual feeling. And whose child is it, then, that you're so keen about it?" curiously.

Tim Donnelly's face changed as though he had suddenly remembered something. With an elaborate appearance of unconcern he leaned forward to take the child from where she still nestled in Jerry's strong arms.

"Oh, sure that could make no difference to you," he said. "I'll not be keeping you any longer. Good morning, Mr Callahan."

"Good morning," responded Jerry. He had no desire to stop longer. But the baby, now broad awake once more, thought differently. She wanted her nice man; she must have her nice man. And, held by Donnelly, her disapproval found vent in no gentle manner. In vain the sergeant, the matron, sought to interfere. In vain Donnelly strove to soothe, to propitiate, while Jerry stood shifting from foot to foot. Her nice man she wanted; her nice man she would have.

It was upon this scene that a trim, smart looking nursemaid distractedly burst.

"Muriel! Oh, Muriel!" she cried, snatching the baby from Donnelly's arms. "Muriel, dear, are you cold, are you cold, are you hungry? Muriel, Muriel," in deepest reproach, "why did you run away from poor Kathleen?"

Jerry, taking in the situation, uttered a smothered gasp. So this was old Stockton's orphan grandchild, the little heiress to his millions and Kathleen's charge. No wonder Donnelly had been so anxious to get him away.

"She ran downstairs from me this morning," explained the tearful Kathleen, "and she must have slipped out under cook's very nose. Sure she might have been killed or hurted. Oh, Mr. Donnelly, how can I ever thank you enough for finding her!" with fervent gratitude.

"'Twas nothing," murmured the complacent Donnelly, "nothing at all."

Callahan turned away. Let Donnelly take the credit if he chose. It was all over between himself and Kathleen, anyway. What was the use of saying anything?

But the baby, perceiving his retreat, set up her wail.

"My nice man, my nice man," she stormed again. Jerry, reluctantly avoiding Kathleen's astonished eyes, stood twisting his hat.

"Sure, as Mr. Donnelly says, 'twas nothing," he stammered. "I—I met her on my rounds this morning"—

"An' he whipped me up an' took me to dwive an' dave me milk," put in the baby girl triumphantly. "He's my nice man, an' I love him. Kiss him, Kathleen."

"You—you found her?" cried the crimsoning Kathleen. "Why—but I thought—I understood," turning swiftly upon the discomfited Donnelly. "Didn't you say"—

"I said she was here," muttered the mortified policeman. "I—I telephoned she was found," his flush deepening under Kathleen's eyes.

"Oh," said Kathleen slowly. "Oh," a significant "oh," long and full of meaning, "I see. And it was very kind of you to send word, Mr. Donnelly. I thank you, Jerry." She moved closer to him, while a mute plea for pardon shone in the soft black eyes.

"Sure 'twas mistaken I've been, Jerry." The note of appeal in the wistful voice gave a far wider meaning to the simple words than their sense implied. "Won't you take us home? I'm sure Mr. Stockton will be wanting to see you." (Timidly.)

"I go with you, Kathleen, anywhere," was the loyal response.

The sergeant smiled.

"'Tis easy enough to see how it is with them," he commented, turning back to his work. "Well, I hope old Stockton will do something handsome for them."

And after a good scolding to Kathleen old Stockton did.

Douglas Jerrold.

With his father managing two theaters and his mother and two sisters "treading the boards," it is scarcely surprising to learn that Jerrold commenced life as an actor. But the nimble, crackling, original wit for which Jerrold became so famous soon began to assert itself. At fifteen years of age he was contributing sonnets, epigrams and songs to the magazines, while ere he was twenty he had written numerous pieces for the stage. His dramas, both comic and serious, were characterized by a brilliancy which took the town by storm, while as a prose writer he proved himself of a particularly brilliant and original type.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Pretty Weak.

A divinity student had taken the place temporarily of Boston's famous "sailor preacher," Father Taylor. After the sermon as they descended the pulpit stairs the student asked, "Father Taylor, what did you think of my sermon this morning?" Approaching him in a fatherly way and placing his hand on the student's shoulder, he replied, "My dear brother, if your text had had the smallpox, your sermon could not have caught it."—Christian Register.

The Return.

Braun—Besides my daughter's dowry I advanced my son-in-law £2,000. Goob—And did you get anything back? Braun—Yes; my daughter.—London Telegraph.

GRANT AND PETERSBURG.

Where the Confederate Forces Lost a Great Opportunity.

Grant determined to cross the James at Wilcox's Landing, ten miles below City Point and entirely out of Lee's observation, and to move thence directly upon Petersburg with his whole army. He would thus pass in rear of Butler and attack the extreme right flank of the Confederate line, which was certain would now be held by only a small force. It involved the performance of a feat in transportation which had never been equaled and might well be considered impossible without days of delay.

It was all accomplished without mishap and in such an incredibly short time that Lee refused for three days to believe it. During these three days, June 15, 16 and 17, Grant's whole army was arriving at and attacking Petersburg, which was defended at first only by Beauregard with about 2,500 men Lee, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, for the same three days lay idle in the woods on the north side, only replacing some of Beauregard's troops taken to Petersburg from in front of Butler.

But for this Longstreet's corps might have manned the intrenchments of Petersburg when Grant's troops first appeared before them, and it is not too much to claim that his defeat would have been not less bloody and disastrous than was the one at Cold Harbor, for, while the intrenchments at Cold Harbor were the poorest and slightest in which we ever fought, the Petersburg lines had been built a year before and were of the best character, with some guns of position mounted and all the forest in front cleared away to give range to the artillery.

This, then, was really the nearest approach to "a crisis" which occurred during the war. Instead of "success elsewhere," Grant here escaped a second defeat more bloody and more overwhelming than any preceding. Thus the last and perhaps the best chances of Confederate success were not lost in the repulse of Gettysburg nor in any combat of arms. They were lost during three days of lying in camp, believing that Grant was hemmed in by the broad part of the James below City Point and had nowhere to go but to come and attack us. The entire credit for the strategy belongs, I believe, to Grant, though possibly it may be shared by his chief of staff, Humphreys, whose modest narrative makes no reference to the subject.—General E. P. Alexander in Scribner's.

An Age of Machinery.

In the making of most of our household goods machinery has done away with the craftsman. True it is that some master mind plans the design in the first pattern that becomes the father of thousands, but if these things had been made by human hands we should have had not one but a thousand masters of their trade instead of one artist only and an army of workmen doing some monotonous routine job for their daily bread. The whole system is a premium on dullness and mediocrity. It may be argued that this machinery more or less makes for cheapness, and on that account a man can become possessed of more goods than he would have had without it, but a man's life hardly consists in the abundance of things that he hath, and it is also quite on the cards that a few good possessions are worth a whole host of bad. When we come to think that by the making of almost everything we wear, almost everything in the house upon which we step, sit or lie, machinery has had a hand to the ousting of some craftsman, the enormity of our wickedness becomes clear. —Reginald Newton Weekes in Nineteenth Century.

Noise and the Nerves.

It was Schopenhauer who said that insensibility to noise was the surest indication of a low and undeveloped nervous organization, on which assumption it is certain that we as a nation can hardly be reckoned very far advanced. Certain it is that we are more tolerant under this head than any other nation professing to call itself civilized, though I fancy the Americans run us pretty close in this respect. Sir Arthur Sullivan was wont to compose in the middle of the night because he could never obtain quiet at any other time, and without expecting the impossible or looking for legislation on a subject which is merely of concern to the community at large, irrespective of party issues, surely it is not too much to ask that the local authorities shall put their heads together on this matter and exercise the powers which they possess. Bernard Shaw once expressed the opinion that it was the "state aided noises," as he called them, which were the worst offenders—as, for example, the church bells and the military bands.—London Truth.

A Real Conversationist.

The Dawsons fully realized that their Uncle Eli Nabb was fond of good talk and good talkers, and during his stay they tried to make his visit enjoyable by asking in such of their friends as they regarded as most likely to entertain the old gentleman.

"He's a wonderful conversationist, isn't he, Uncle Eli?" asked Mrs. Dawson after the departure of their star dinner guest on the last night of Mr. Nabb's stay. "Such an extraordinary command of language and such a range of topics!"

"Pretty fair talker," said Mr. Nabb, hopelessly unimpressed. "But we've got one to beat him up home, you know. Oh, yes; old Lady Greenough! Why, I've stood at her gate less'n ten minutes an' had her go from my turnip bed to the dolls up Panama canal way, an' so easy you couldn't notice any abrupt change o' subject either. That's what I call a conversationist."

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1907

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. W RUBIN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce to the Republican voters of McKean county that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next.
A. F. Brannon
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries.
L. J. REZNOR.
Port Allegany, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
GEORGE PATON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. B. WALKER
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 18, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of McKean county, at the primary election, June 1, next.
W. T. BOGART.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.

AFTER hanging through two Congresses and costing the government many thousands of dollars to investigate the charges against Reed Smoot, United States Senator from Utah, he has been given his seat by a vote of 42 to 28.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT does well in his effort to discourage the babble about a war between the United States and Japan over such a question as the San Francisco Schools. It is to be observed of this, as of most like occasions, that those who talk most of war have not the least notion of risking their precious hides in it.

THE Altoona Tribune hits the nail squarely on the head in the following squib: The legislature must carry out to the extent of its power the solemn pledges of the Republican candidates during last fall's campaign. Democrats and mugwump newspapers are looking forward hopefully to the hour when they may be able to criticise the Republican majority for failure in duty. Republican leaders should see to it that no opportunity for such criticism exists next summer.

THE coasting accident last week should be another reason for the proper authorities to fix the Mechanic street bridge so that it will not be the pitfall that it is at present. It is dangerous to everybody and more so to the little folks, and the only wonder is that no serious accident has occurred before. If a child, or even a grown person, should stumble and fall while crossing that bridge it is quite probable that the person would fall into the creek several feet below, and if not meet death, would sustain serious injuries. It is up to the council or the county commissioners, whoever have the matter in charge, to attend to this matter before a fatality occurs.

ANOTHER aspirant for the office of County Treasurer appears in this issue. This time it is W. T. Bogart of Bradford, the genial and obliging conductor on the B. L. & K. railroad. Mr. Bogart has been a lifelong Republican and during that time has lent his interests to the success of the party and its candidates. He has never asked for a political office before and is not in any sense a politician, but nevertheless his friends throughout the county are confident that he is capable and if elected to that important office he would administer the duties in a conscientious and trustworthy manner. He, no doubt, will receive a good vote at the polls.

WHEN it comes to knockers Smethport, like most other towns, has its share, much to the regret of the majority who are doing their utmost toward the upbuilding of this borough. When a person begins to knock everything in the town and also any and all movements toward the good of the town it is time he or she packed up their belongings and moved out, but nothing like that ever happens. Far from it. But, rather they remain and keep up their continual knocking, and by so doing often induce lose the respect and esteem of their most intimate friends. This town has been an important factor in the life and growth of McKean county for more than a century, and so it will continue, despite the calamity howling of these croakers. We have live, hustling men who are always on the alert for something that will improve the condition of affairs, and as long as old earth lasts so will there be these men, and these knockers, who in their glib manner, are telling that the town has seen its day and will soon be a desert waste, might better cease their sputtering and commence to boost.

WITH the hanging of Frank Godino, the young Italian, Tuesday, justice has been meted out to the four Italians who were implicated in the robbery and murder at Coryville on March 20th last. To many it seemed hard to think that one of them should suffer the penalty of death while the other three should get off with but fifteen years in the penitentiary but such was the course of justice. Had the four Italians been tried together they might have received the same penalty, but separate trials were demanded and according to the testimony given the jurors believed Godino was the leader and brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree and it is up to the jurors to decide. Many are of the opinion that hanging is not justice, but nevertheless it is the penalty for murder of the first degree in this Commonwealth, and as long as such is the case all must abide by it. It is too bad that such crimes are committed but if the laws of justice are to be accomplished hangings must occur. It was quite evident that the depredations and crimes committed by Italians in this county previous to the arrest and conviction of this quartet were steadily on the increase and in order to stop this lawlessness an example has been made and the chances are that these crime-loving foreigners will steer shy of McKean county. Godino was the one to suffer. Peace to his soul.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23, 1907.

Once again it looks as though the President had won from the Senate. There is a fair prospect now that the Santo Domingo treaty will go through before the end of the session. This will mean a great victory for the Administration, but it will be bitterly lamented by the Santo Domingo lobby that has made its headquarters in Washington and used every means to defeat the treaty, even down to buying paid advertising space in the papers to run cartoons against the measure. There is something to be said on both sides of the treaty question. It will be a good measure for the United States if it keeps the little republic quiet and prevents European interference, which is one of the things this country particularly does not want.

On the other hand, the opponents of the treaty in the person of the local lobbyists say that it means giving the Island over to the negro domination with a fixed government that cannot be overthrown except by whipping the United States navy, which is of course out of the question. The white planters of the Island have sent one of their number to Washington, a wealthy man who is heading the fight against the treaty. He declares in pathetic tones that if the treaty is passed that it will allow the negro officials to double the internal taxes all over the Island, which they promptly will do and that the sugar and other plantations will be taxed out of existence. There is more even than that behind his prediction, for he declares that if the natives find they cannot hold an election or a revolution (the terms being synonomous) whenever they wish, they will resort to poison and the knife, and the passage of the treaty will sign the death warrant of every politician in power. Those are the two sides. You can take either prediction you prefer. But the prospects are just now that the treaty will go through.

There is always more active lobbying toward the end of a session than at any other time. One of the other lobbies that now are particularly active is that against the Burkett bill to lease the grazing lands of the west. This is another Administration measure, and has been framed to prevent grabbing and fencing the public lands in the cattle country to the exclusion of the small cattle owner. It was introduced by Burkett but practically drawn by the President and Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, both of whom are personally in touch with the situation. The scheme is to place the control of all the grazing lands under the Department of Agriculture, and have the Secretary apportion the leases, giving preference to the smaller cattle owner and restricting the number of cattle that may be grazed on a given piece of government land. This would do away with illegal fencing, prevent the domination of the public range by a few big cattle interests, and would do much to end the bloody and ceaseless war between the sheep men and the cattle men.

All the forces of the cattle owners from the immense ranches are joined in opposition to the bill, and it looks now as though it would be defeated for the present session. But the end of the fight is not yet, and the measure will be introduced again as soon as Congress assembles and probably will be fought to a successful conclusion.

There has been some queer underground manoeuvering this week in the matter of the title of the Northern Pacific to about 40,000,000 acres of land in the Northwest. This had been watched by many familiar with the railroad situation, and there were the elements of a big sensation therein concealed. It was thought that the end of the week would see the denouement, but it did not.

The facts were set out recently in a resolution introduced by Senator Heyburn, calling for a committee to investigate the status of the Northern Pacific and see if there was any reason why the charter should not be repealed. The resolution stated that the Northern Pacific was granted under an act of Congress in 1864. The grant carried with it a land grant to 40,000,000 acres of land along the line of the road, as was customary at that time in chartering transcontinental roads. After the granting of the charter there were a number of reorganizations and transfers, ending finally in 1896 by the reorganization and transfer of the railroad under the management of a syndicate managed by J. P. Morgan & Co. Finally the status of the Northern Pacific was juggled into such a shape that it was no longer a federal corporation but a corporation of the State of Wisconsin. However, it inadvertently carried the 40,000,000 acres of public land along with it, and has them still what it has not sold to settlers.

There is a long personal story back of the introduction of this resolution in which Mr. E. H. Harriman figures, but the point was that after it was introduced into the committee on Pacific railroads the committee set Friday for a hearing and representatives of the minority stockholders of the road who claimed that they had been cheated of their rights in the reorganization were to appear with Senator Heyburn and tell their story preparatory to having a Senatorial investigating committee appointed. But when the day came Senator Heyburn did not show up at the committee. The witnesses were all here, but the resolution is now dead for the session, and there is a serious question whether it will ever be called upon again. Query, why was Senator Heyburn absent?

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked or colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well all appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve is a soft, creamy, healing ointment, that will quickly correct any skin blemish or ailment. Get a free trial box at our store and be convinced. Large, Glass Jars, 25cts. All dealers.

To stop a Cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let run and cure, afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by all dealers.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Bonds for Sale.

Sealed bids will be received by the treasurer of the borough of Kane, Pennsylvania, until two o'clock p. m., March 4, 1907, for bonds of the Borough of Kane, amounting to $11,300.00, being one bond of three hundred dollars and twenty-two bonds of five hundred dollars each, dated February 1, 1907, and bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, the bond for three hundred dollars maturing two years after date, and two of the other bonds each year thereafter. Bids will be considered for all or any part of said issue, and the bonds will be sold to the person offering terms most advantageous to the Borough of Kane: Provided that no bonds will be sold for less than par value and accrued interest.

Each bid must be accompanied by a deposit of cash, or certified check satisfactory to said treasurer equal to at least ten per cent of the bid.

In case the best bids are a tie, auction bids in addition will be permitted.

Data concerning the issue will be furnished on application.

W. B. SMITH,
Treasurer of the Borough of Kane.
February 15, 1907.

Do It Now.

Now is a good time to make arrangements to attend the spring term of the Clarion State Normal. The school was never so prosperous as now. The attendance is large and a fine spirit pervades the student body.

Whatever may be your purpose in your life you cannot afford to neglect the matter of an education. It is unquestionably the best investment that any young man or woman can make.

The Normal school will help you to realize the best that is in you. Clarion offers a variety of courses—teaching, college preparatory, art, stenography, business, music. It has a fine music department and the expenses are exceedingly low. A well equipped Gymnasium gives ample opportunity for physical training. Students over seventeen years of age may attend this school at a cost of less than $3.50 per week. The spring term opens March 26. Drop a postal card to the Principal and ask for information. J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

In the treatment of piles it becomes necessary to have the remedy put up in such a form that it can be applied to the parts affected. Man Zan Pile remedy is encased in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. It cannot help but reach the spot. Relieves blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. 50 cents with nozzle guaranteed. Try it. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

In using a cough syrup why not get the best? One that comes recomended is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. Children always like it because it contains no opiates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money returned Try it. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the above Court on Monday, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1907, at 1:30 p. m., under an Act of General Assembly, entitled, "An Act regulating the organization and incorporation of secret fraternal beneficial societies, orders or associations, and protecting rights of members therein," approved April 6th, 1895, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called National Fraternal League; the said corporation is formed for the purpose of paying to its members of sick, disability or death benefits, of such amounts as may be authorized by the Constitution and General Laws of said proposed society, from a fund derived from assessments and dues collected from its members, and to provide for the payment in not less than five years, to members whose beneficiary or distribution period may then expire of such sum not exceeding the maximum amount named in the beneficiary certificate, as the Constitution and General Laws in force at the expiration of said period may authorize and direct, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly or any of its supplements. The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.
TAFT & TAFT,
Solicitors.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Charles McKean, O. D. Conner, E. H. Reddall, S. L. Fry and T. H. Pancoast to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called The Smethport Cutlery Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing, selling and dealing in knives, razors, shears, scissors and other articles of a like character comprehended under the general term cutlery, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said act of assembly and the supplements thereto.
THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Solicitor.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photographic line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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LYCEUM THEATRE
Three Nights, Beginning
Monday, March 4th,
BURKE-McCANN CO.
Supporting
Wm. Francis Burke
and
Geraldine McCann
In a Repertoire of High Class Dramas, Originated by a Contingent of
SUPERIOR VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS,
Headed by the Famous McCann Family, Singers and Dancers.
Magnificent Scenery and Mechanical Effects.
Ladies tickets Monday night 15c. Limited to 200.
Opening play,
"The Pride of Virginia."
Prices 10, 20 and 30c
Seats on sale at Wells Drug Store, Friday, March 1.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS
We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

WM. MONHEIMER'S
A Three Days Sale
of Overcoats at
HALF PRICE.
We can produce evidence that will convince you absolutely that is our loss and your gain that you should
BUY AN OVERCOAT NOW.
We have still a few Overcoats of each size on hand—and for three days only—Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week you can take your pick of any

$20.00	Overcoats at		10.00
$15.00	"	"	7.50
$12.00	"	"	6.00
$10.00	"	"	5.00

and so down to a $7.50 O'Coat at 3.25
At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

50c 50c
New Shirts
A line for spring and summer wear at 50c. The Shirt that equals almost any 75c line.
H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

---

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c
The Spring Quarterly Style Book, illustrating the Ladies Home Journal Patterns, price, including a pattern, 15c,

I still have many bargains to offer in the different lines of goods, therefore, make it a point th call.

SPECIAL
20c Coffee at 15c.
30c Coffee at 25c.
Best Mocha and Java at 35c, mixed to suit the taste.
Felt's Fancy Flour at $1.40.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
February 26, 1907.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family receipts and give us a trial. We have a fine line of
STATIONERY
TOBACCO
CIGARS
H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 30c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You.	Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

DIGESTO COFFEE.
Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.
Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.
Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.
Digesto is the only absolute pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.
Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.
Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.
J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

A. STURDVEINT
I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.
Your patronage is solicited.

Lane's
MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

THE WORLD OF WHITE.

In the face of a steadily advancing White Goods market this store offers another example of its Value Giving Supremacy. We have set ourselves to the task of beating the splendid record of our well remembered White Sale of last Season. The difficulty of this achievement can be appreciated when it is considered that the cost of White Goods has been steadily advancing for the past twelve months.

It took unusual watchfulness on our part to minimize the effect of the rising market. Long ago our orders were placed and plans perfected for this pre-eminent event.

Now we present broader varieties than ever before in Undermuslins, Best Fabrics, Linens and Embroideries. They are all fresh, clean, high grade goods made to give satisfaction and long service.

When the present stock is exhausted we can hardly hope to buy fresh supplies at the retail price we are now making. The dictates of economy should prompt you to partake liberally of the unexpected values featured in this sale.

COME—AND RICHLY PROFIT BY THE SAVINGS OFFERED.

SALE STARTS SATURDAY, FEB. 23. ENDS MONDAY, MCH. 9.

India Linens.
More of these sold than all other white goods combined. We have three specials to offer at 10c, 12c and 15c.
Others at 7c, 8c, 18c, 20c, 25c and 30c.

Persian Lawns.
Made of fine Egyptian Cotton, special at 20c and 25c.

Pure Linens.
Fine, soft Linen Lawns for waists and suits, special at 55c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25 yd.

Egyptian Dimity.
A variety of patterns at 10c, 15c, 16c, 18c, 20c, 25c and 30c.

Figured Nainsooks.
An elegant wearing material, 12c and 15c.

Danish Cloth.
A 25c value.
White Sale, 17c.

Towels
In a variety of sizes and prices to cover all wants, 5c to $2.50 pr.
One fine special Turkish Towcling sold by the yard. Extra value at 30c.

Special Handkercheifs.
For the World of White. By them now for 15c and 25c.

Woven Silence Cloth.
54 inches wide, by the yard.
White Sale, 75c.

Mohair Suiting.
Figured Mohair for waists and suits.
White Sale, 50c to $1.00 yd.

Embroideries.
A world of these soft White Embroideries and Insertions for the summer gown.

Torchon Laces.
A lot of these values, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, in one lot.
White Sale, 5c.

Ribbon.
5-in White Taffeta Ribbon, 30c value. White Sale, 23c.

Sheets.
81x90 Mohawk Sheets.
White Sale, 67c each.

Sheeting.
600 yards of 36-in Black Rock unbleached Sheeting, sells everywhere at 8½. White Sale, 7c.
20 yards to a customer.

White Bed Quilts.
Could not be bought at wholesale to-day at prices we ask.
50c to $3.00—plain or fringed.
Prices are for White Sale and speak plainly.

Shirt Waists.

For the World of White we place on sale 50 distinct styles, ranging in price from 98c to $10.50.

Space permits the mention of but few.

Special—A White Lawn waist fine tucked, guaranteed to fit perfectly. It's the Royal Waist and not worth less than $1.39.
White Sale, 98c.

Other equally as good values, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.50, $7.50, $9.50, $10.00, $10 50

Val Laces, too,
Are here, almost anything you wish for in qualities that are suitable for all occasions.

For the Men.
White and light shirts with small figure, all sizes, 20 dozons to select from.
White Sale, 39c.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Skirts.
Cambric Skirts nicely made and trimmed, worth $1.19.
White Sale, 79c.
Fine Cambric Skirts, flounce trimmed with lace, insertion and embroidery. Good value at $1.39
White Sale, 97c.
Others equally as good at $1.19, $1.39, $1.67, $2.25 and $2.89.

Drawers.
Muslin Drawers, plain, lace trimmed and embroidery trimmed. White Sale, 29c.
Fine long cloth Drawers, lace and insertion trimmed. Extra value at 59c. White Sale, 43c.
Nainsook Drawers, nicely trimmed with fine quality embroidery. White Sale, 98c.

Corset Covers.
Ladies' Cambric Corset Covers, full sizes, a 25c value.
White Sate, 16c.
Lace trimmed Corset Covers, value 30c. White Sale, 21c.
Lace and embroidery trimmed Corset Covers, worth 39c.
White Sale, 25c.
Others up to $2.25 each.

Gowns.
Ladies' Muslin Gowns, square or V neck, worth 69c.
White Sale, 39c.
Ladies' embroidery trimmed gown, worth 98c.
White Sale, 73c.
Others at 89c, 98c, $1.19, $1.39, $1.59 and up.
One lot Misses' Gowns, sold at 57c. White Sale, 39c.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

USE THE REDFIELD MANTLE

The Redfield Mantle is a double wire cap that is made expressly for us by the Welsbach Co. It is really a 15c mantle but owing to the fact that we buy them by the thousand we can afford to sell them for 10c.

THE BEST 10c MANTLE MADE.

H. H. REDFIELD
Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Thorns and Orange Blossoms" at the Lyceum Thursday evening.

—The home of Frank Metz at Mt. Alton was destroyed by fire last Thursday.

—The thermometers registered from 10 to 14 degrees below zero Saturday morning.

—There are 18,000 insane people in the care of state and county institutions in Pennsylvania.

—Hi Henry, his automobile and band made an attractive appearance on our streets Saturday.

—The Burke-McCann Co., in a strong repertoire, will hold the boards at the Lyceum three nights, commencing next Monday.

—Mrs. May Sherwood died at East Smithfield, Pa., recently, aged 26 years. Her maiden name was May Spinney and she formerly lived in this borough.

—Hi Henry and his minstrels pleased a large audience at the Lyceum last Saturday evening. The show is up to the average minstrel and is clean from start to finish.

—Mrs. James L. Andrews, an estimable Bradford lady, died at her home in that city last Friday. She was a daughter of the late John J. Sheehy, and is survived by one sister.

—R. G. Terry has purchased the meat market of Myron Terwilliger on Main street and took possession last Saturday. Mr. Terry no doubt will receive a share of the patronage.

—Mrs. Phoebe W. Bellows, a resident of Port Allegany for more that 60 years, died at her home in that place on Tuesday of pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and three children.

—Miss Mary E. McLean, daughter of the late George McLean, of Lawrenceville, is filling the position of tutor and companion to her highness the Maharani Gaikwar of Baroda, India, wife of the Maharajah, who visited the United States last year.

—Anent the unhappy sequel of a hasty marriage by a young girl, in spite of her mother's prayerful protest, an exchange says: The young woman who thinks she knows more than her mother is very much in evidence these days, and she is apparently getting more numerous now that there is a tendency to let children act without restraint until it is too late. Getting married is a very serious matter, as all who have tried it have discovered. It is the best state for almost all of the people in the world, but it should be entered upon with some knowledge of the duties and responsibilities which attend it.

—John Eckert and family are moving into the house recently occupied by G. W. Shilling on Union street.

—Remember the W. C. T. U. meeting Wednesday, March 6, in the M. E chapel at 2:30 p. m. Be sure and attend.

—A term at Edinboro State Normal School will make you a better teacher. Spring term opens Mar. 26th. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Rev. T. D. Ware will conduct the morning service at 10:45 a. m. in the forest of railroad men at the Baptist church. Lloyd Downey, the violinist, will assist with the music.

—The Potter Enterprise has a libel suit on its hands as a result of saying hard things about the pretty musical comedy, "The Beauty Doctor," which appeared in that place recently.

—N. P. L. members will take in the excursion to Mt. Jewett Monday, Mar. 4th. Special rates, nice warm train up and back and a big time is assured. A large crowd has already arranged to go.

—Ira E. VanEpps of Binghams township, Potter county, and only 26 years of age, is a much married man, having been married three times within the past four years, but he failed to secure divorces from two of the women, hence Mr. VanEpps will be tried as a bigamist.

—W. W. Tadder, more prominently known as "Comrade" Tadder, an alderman and highly esteemed resident of Bradford, died at his home in that city yesterday morning of pneumonia, aged 67 years. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and a brother. Mr. Tadder was a veteran of the Civil war and served his country in an honorable manner. He was a member of Post 141, G. A. R., and other organizations.

—G. W. Shilleon, who has conducted a merchant tailoring establishment in the Chadwick block for the past five years, has closed his business and with his wife and child has gone to Punxsutawney, where they will make their home in the future. They have been estimable and highly respected residents and their many friends, though regretting their removal, will hope for success to them in their new home.

—March 3 being the National Railroad Men's Sunday in the W. C. T. U., the day will be observed all over the land, and special sermons and prayers offered. Everyone employed by a railroad company in any capacity or having anything to do about, or in connection with a railroad in any way, is most cordially invited to attend service in the Baptist church at 10:45 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. in the Methodist church, with their families and friends.

Personal Mention.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick are Buffalo visitors.

C. S. King of Port Allegany had business in town Monday.

Rev. J. F. Dugan left Tuesday afternoon for Erie on business.

Miss Carrie McGowan returned Saturday from Port Allegany.

Miss Lydia Burlingame of Kasson is the guest of friends in town.

John Digel was down from Mt. Jewett Sunday on a visit to relatives.

Roy Colegrove of Hazelhurst spent Sunday with his parents in town.

Mrs. M. D. Shooke departed Monday for Washington, D. C., on a visit to her daughter.

Mrs. E. W. Jones was called to Johnsonburg Tuesday by the death of a sister's child.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris returned yesterday from a few days visit with Olean friends.

Hon. James A. McKean and Harry L. Backus returned to their duties in Harrisburg Monday.

Miss Edna Hungiville returned yesterday to her studies at St. Elizabeth's Academy in Allegany.

C. M. Slack and wife of Eldred visited at the home of J. C. Cunningham the latter part of last week.

Lewis Raymer returned from Austin Tuesday, where he was called by an accident to his son, Ward Raymer.

Mrs. James A. McKean is in Harrisburg this week and on Tuesday evening attended the reception given by Governor and Miss Stuart.

Messrs. H. H. Redfield, R. W. Hilton, J. M. Hilton and D. M. Brasted returned last Friday from Buffalo where they attended the auto show.

Dr. E. R. Baker left yesterday for Pittsburg, where he will undergo treatment for his eyes, and he hopes to return soon and resume his dental practice.

Mrs. Risse and daughter, Mrs. L. H. Leist, who have been visiting relatives in this vicinity, have returned to their homes, the former in New York City and the latter to Kansas City.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of
FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

College of Music.

Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., is an ideal place to study music. $54 pays six weeks board and instruction on either piano, organ, violin, band and string instruments and singing. Terms begin May 6, June 17, July 30. For catalogue address. HENRY B. MOYER.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder for sale. Inquire of F. W. Backus, East Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2 McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

COLORED WASH GOODS For Spring and Summer.

Every day brings forth something new for the warmer just a few short weeks ahead now.

The White Goods and Ginghams are meeting with a splendid reception by thrifty buyers—not to be wondered at either when values are considered—they're so much better than the average. Did you get your share.

This week we want you to see the new weaves and prints in Colored Wash Goods. Just a few hints below. Come to the store to-morrow.

Batistes 5c to 12 1-2c
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SMETHPORT PENN'A.

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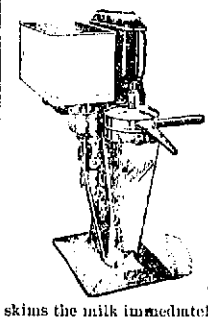
If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.



Easier for Women.

How many women fairly grown under too much work. How many despair of getting through washing milk things. How many say "Oh, if I just had fewer pans, crocks and cans, I could read, write, or sew more, or even take a little rest each day."

An Easier Time

Ask your husband to make the dairy work 50 per cent. easier, 50 per cent. neater, 50 per cent. more pleasant and 50 per cent. more profitable by using a Sharples' Tube Cream Separator. Until you try the Tubular you can't imagine the difference it makes. It skims the milk immediately after milking—there's no milk standing around—no cans and pans to wash. The Tubular is so simple and convenient. Come with your husband and let me take a Tubular apart for you.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport, Pa.

JUST IN .....

Vantine's Oriental Perfumes, Sachets, Toilet Waters, Soaps, etc. The sweet odors of Eastern lands.

ALSO NEW PATTERNS IN STAMPED HATS, WAISTS, CORSET COVERS, GOWNS, Etc.

MARY L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Butterick Patterns reduced to 10 and 15c. None Higher.

McCoy's Drug Store
Next to Postoffice.

A complete line of Stationery and Office Supplies, including Book Cases and Filing Cabinets.

Cupid's Bargain

By LESLIE HOLMES.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"But, my dear"— interposed Aunt Ella, reaching for her handkerchief.

Beth Graham resumed her interrupted monologue.

"I never saw an advertisement which balanced so tidily with one's qualifications—'Wanted, services of a capable young woman for few hours daily. Must be well educated, have pleasant manners, a gift for conversation and make a good appearance. No experience necessary, but large acquaintance desirable. Apply to the Interborough Realty Co., — Street.' Now, I have the education. Behold my diploma from Mme. Collingwood's select school. Thanks to my bringing up by the best aunt in the world, I have the reputation of being well mannered. I am considered chatty without being a bore. My new tailored suit gives me the good appearance demanded. Certainly I have no experience, but a lot of acquaintances."

Mrs. Graham mopped her eyes diligently.

"I cannot bear to think of you, a Graham of Graham Center, going into business. Now, there are my cameos—cameos are in style again. Beth"—

The girl laid a slender white hand over her aunt's trembling lips and spoke with sternness not entirely affected.

"Aunty, dear, never again speak in that way of our precious family heirlooms. So long as they are in the safe deposit vault I shall feel that the Graham honor is saved. I intend to answer that advertisement."

An hour later the secretary of the Interborough Realty company looked with relief into the fresh, high bred face of the last of the Graham Center Grahams, who, thanks to the collapse of the — bank, was looking for a position in which experience was not demanded. The secretary of the company, like all men of his class, questioned the girl so cleverly that she had told the story of her inexperience and needs long before he unfolded the requirements of the position. Then he leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"I think you'll do, Miss Graham. We have plotted ninety acres on the Chester turnpike, and we're going to boom the site as the Hollingworth Terrace. We've got the Transit Construction company interested in the deal, and they will build houses on the installment plan. We have some wide awake chaps on the ground, but we are planning a series of excursions, and we think a bright woman with the gift of saying the right thing at the right minute could put through many a sale, particularly with men. Now, such work is generally done on a commission basis, but you're rather up against it, and we'll pay you fifteen a week and expenses and give you a month to make good."

He touched an electric button and said to the answering boy:

"Send in Mr. Langhorne. He's the working head of the Transit Construction company and a promising young man. You'll probably have considerable dealing with him. Langhorne, this is Miss Graham. She's going to help us out at Hollingworth Terrace."

And thus, with a sweeping gesture, did the secretary of the Interborough Realty company settle Beth Graham's entrance into the business world.

Fifteen dollars a week! Why, they would have to let even Emma, the cook, go. She would probably wear out many shoes, too, tramping over Hollingworth Terrace. And then a mellow masculine voice broke in upon her reflections, and she found a very good looking young man, with Irish blue eyes that smiled right into hers, standing at attention, some pamphlets in his hand.

"Perhaps you would like to look over some of our literature before you join us on the first excursion tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" echoed Beth. It seemed so dreadfully near, this earning of daily bread for herself and Aunt Ellen.

But she smiled and accepted the books. Half an hour later it seemed to her as if Hollingworth Terrace must be a sort of paradise for small salaried people and that she, in selling homes to them, would be a veritable angel of mercy.

The next day she felt differently. The first excursion was not exactly a success. The air was heavy with mist, and Hollingworth Terrace seemed a wilderness of surveyors, steam rollers, sewer pipes and tired teams, dragging great loads of building materials through unfinished streets.

In one of the half finished houses a colored man served hot coffee and sandwiches to the few excursionists who had braved the elements, but no deals were consummated. After the bus had taken the few visitors back to the station Beth, seated on a plasterer's horses, studied critically the tiny reception hall, while Langhorne, perched on a window seat, studied the girl and wondered why some women looked smart and trig even in a cravenette coat and a soft felt hat.

"These early spring days are so uncertain," she was saying. "I wish there was a fireplace in that corner. You could just as well build one, for the chimney runs up there from the parlor. Then we'd have a snapping, sparkling fire that would make the whole house seem charming. I believe we'd make a sale, rain or shine."

"But the fireplaces would add to the cost of the houses," said Langhorne doubtfully.

"And make prospective customers overlook some other defects in your houses. I noticed you have no back stairs. Now, every suburban housewife likes separate stairs for her one servant. She is much more punctilious in such matters than the city housekeeper."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Langhorne curiously.

"Yes, and you should have utilized that wasted space for a closet for rubber coats, umbrellas, overshoes, etc. A woman will fall for a couple of convenient closets when stained glass windows and artistic tiling are lost upon her."

Langhorne was all attention now.

"I didn't suppose that a city girl would notice things so closely."

"I began life in a village," said Beth quietly. "Besides, if I am to help you sell these places I must believe in them, and I cannot believe in them unless they are right."

Before the next excursion day rolled around Beth had examined every house under way, and her suggestions for small alterations that would appeal to the feminine mind were received with respect. Furthermore, all plans for new houses were brought to her before the work was commenced.

Hollingworth Terrace became the center around which everything moved, and Aunt Ellen studied plans and offered suggestions to young Langhorne, who had taken to bringing drawings to the cozy Graham flat. So far single cottages costing $5,000 or less had been erected. Now they were planning more ambitious residences and plotting the most valuable site of their holdings, a broad knoll that overlooked the river and surrounding country.

Here in the heart of a cluster of pines was to be a house of old English design, with high gables, sloping roof and quaint interior finish. Beth watched those plans grow with jealous care. She selected the timbers for finishing the ceiling of the reception hall, living room and dining room. The fireplaces she and Langhorne designed from pictures of English country houses.

The excursions were heavily patronized now. Sales were made while Beth's back was turned. Hollingworth Terrace was booming beyond the fondest hopes of its founders. Beth often came in from her calls on prospective customers to ask anxiously, "Has The Lodge been taken?"

They had named the house of their own planning The Lodge, nothing more, and somehow she felt that she should hate the man who bought it.

One night when Langhorne dropped in to call he did not look her in the eye. He talked about any and every subject but Hollingworth Terrace, and Beth knew that The Lodge had been sold.

"You might as well fess up," she said, with pretended gayety.

He nodded his head.

"Yes. We withdrew The Lodge from the market at 4 this afternoon"—

"Who bought it, and, oh, do you think they will dare to put Turkish rugs in that old English living room?"

"Oh, no. I assure you he'll have nothing but hand woven rugs, just as you suggested"—

"Well, that is some comfort," the girl murmured. "If he has taste I can forgive him. What sort of a man is he, interior or shady?"

"Single, but he bought it hoping that a certain girl would share it with him."

"Was she with him? Is she a nice girl? Do you think she will appreciate it?" demanded Beth breathlessly. "You know I simply love that fireplace in the hall!"

Langhorne rose abruptly and paced the floor. Suddenly he paused before her chair, his lips firm, his blue eyes ablaze with a light she had never seen there before.

"Do you think—could you make up your mind—to sit beside that fireplace—always—with me?"

She looked up at him, her breath coming in short, nervous gasps, her eyes wide and startled.

"Oh, I know it's no end of cheeky in me, but when that bloated barrel of a Hopkins (you remember you disliked him so) offered me $8,500 today for The Lodge I told him it was sold. I simply had to buy it myself and take chances on you. You're the certain girl."

"Oh, Teddy! Teddy Langhorne!" said Beth, with a glad little cry. "We'll have hickory logs to burn in the fireplaces—and yes, yes, I love you! Of course it isn't all the house, silly, but it does count some. You know, we built it together."

* * * * * * *

"But to refuse $8,500 for it! Oh, Teddy! That was downright reckless!" she murmured later.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Langhorne, regaining possession of her hand. "Personally, I think I got a pretty good bargain."

Moors and Morocco.

Moor and Morocco are words unknown to the people of that troubled land. These people know themselves as Arabs and descendants of those valiant upholders of the prophet's green standard who swept like a flood across north Africa at the time of the hegira. The Morocco of the present day they found possessed by a sturdy race who claimed descent from the people who were cast out of Canaan by Joshua, the son of Nun. Their country, so far as its plains were concerned, was taken from them by the Arabs, and their fighting strength was made to serve the Arab cause in the conquest of Spain. They themselves gradually took to the mountains, to the great Atlas. Here they have remained ever since, speaking their own language, maintaining their own customs and racial attributes and obstinately refusing to be absorbed by the Arab dwellers on the plains. These people are the Berbers. Their tongue is called Shilhah. Literature they have none, in the ordinary sense of the word, but they have a rich store of oral tradition, myth, legend and folklore.

There are many kidney remedies but few that accomplish the results. "Pinenles" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drugs Law, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thirty day treatment for $1.00. Inquire about "Pinenles." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. [illegible]

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
[illegible] and Retail Dealer

A RESCUE IN MIDAIR.

Perilous Feat of Climbing Up a Skyscraper Frame.

A LIFE WAS IN THE BALANCE.

Quick Wit and Strong Nerves at a Critical Moment In a Building Accident—Why One Man Has a Warm Spot In His Heart For Our Sailors.

"I was working on a steel framed skyscraper in one of our large coast cities on a July day some years ago," said the man who told of the exciting, almost tragic incident. "We had reached the eighth story, and, as the floors were somewhat more than ten feet apart, the top beams were well up in the air.

"One forenoon I was inside an elevator well between the seventh and eighth stories fastening the guide to the sheet steel wall. One of the other sides was also covered with steel, but the other two were open.

"At 11:30 we reached a set of holes six feet above the seventh floor. To get at those I was obliged to sit upon a board supported by two tall wooden horses standing on planks laid across the shaft and forming a loose scaffolding. Through its openings I could look down clear to the basement, more than seventy feet below. Behind me, on the opposite side of the shaft, were lashed short perpendicular ladders, up and down which the men were constantly passing, for the elevator well was the main thoroughfare of the huge steel skeleton.

"Noon struck. In less than a minute the ladders were covered with men climbing down. There were a lot of 12 o'clock fellows on the job who would rather leave a bolt half driven than work a second overtime. A gang right over me had just put a heavy steel header in place on the edge of the shaft. Two or three bolts had been driven into one end, but the other was as yet unfastened. It would have taken only a few minutes at the most to make everything secure, but at the first stroke of the hour they dropped their tools and hurried to dinner.

"A sudden strong hot wind swept through the frame, making the loose planks rattle. Something grated above my head. I looked up, and for a moment my blood stopped running. The gust had struck the nicely balanced header with just enough force to make it totter. Slowly its loose end swung downward; then it lurched quickly and slid into the well.

"As it dropped it just cleared my head. It sheared through the middle of the scaffolding as if the thick planks were rotten paper. Down it shot, gaining momentum with every foot, its lower end making the opposite wall clean of ladders.

"Smash! Bang! Grind! All was over in a few seconds. Dust rose, and when the turmoil had subsided there was I sitting on my board with seventy-five feet of empty air between me and the debris at the bottom of the well.

"The falling header had taken out the middle of the scaffolding, leaving only the side planks on which the horses stood. The shock had moved one of these planks two or three inches, so that a leg of the horse upon it just overhung the edge. A little more and the horse would topple into the shaft, taking its support from the board on which I sat and hurling me down to a frightful death.

"I knew that I had been seen and my peril understood. The building was on a crowded business street, and the crash of the falling beam had attracted the attention of hundreds of people. A great silent throng soon blocked all traffic. I could see their upturned faces and an occasional pointed finger. Their very stillness terrified me, for I knew that it was my mortal danger that held them spellbound.

"But there was one in that throng who did something more than sympathize. He was a sailor on shore leave from a United States battleship in the harbor. Running into a store, he obtained a hundred feet of new, strong rope, looped it about his shoulders and began to clamber toward me. As there were no ladders left, he was forced to swarm up the steel uprights.

"At first, however, I did not see him, for close to me something happened that drove everything else from my mind.

"A barely perceptible movement fastened my eyes on the leg of the horse. Painfully scrutinizing the spot where it rested, I saw that the plank was being pushed slowly but surely along by the lateral pressure of the other legs. I watched it, fascinated. It was only a question of a very short time when I should be hurled into the pit.

"Suddenly, three stories below, I saw a man climbing toward me. He was dressed in a blue suit and a flat cap edged with white letters. A coil of rope hung round his neck. Up he came like a monkey, arms, legs, hands, feet, all doing their part. Would he be in time to save me? He was a swarthy Spanish looking fellow, not very tall, with black mustache and good natured face. Two stories below me his cap dropped off, revealing his thick curly hair. Several times he slipped back slightly, and I noticed the dull red smears on his clothing from the freshly painted beams.

"I watched him tensely. He glanced up and caught my eye.

"'Cheer up, mate!' he exclaimed. 'I'll have this rope round you in a jiffy.'

"Another slight movement of the plank. I groaned. The bluejacket heard me, and it stimulated him to do his utmost. It was a race between him and the retreating wood. On his lithe muscles my life depended.

"The leg now hung on its support by the merest fraction of its width. It might slip off at any second. I no longer saw the sailor. The sound of his climbing and his heavy breathing came to me, but I did not dare to turn my head.

"I closed my lids for an instant. When I opened them, the leg was entirely off the plank. The horse tipped, and the board under me tilted downward.

"I gave one last despairing glance at the steel wall and at the dolly suspended by its chain. Could those small rusted links support 180 pounds more? The thought flashed into my brain. There was no time for debating. As the board dropped from under me I flung out my hands and twined my fingers round the chain with the grip of death.

"Over the top of the wall, four feet above, appeared the bluejacket's anxious face.

"'Quick!' I screamed.

"'Catch hold!' shouted he, and down on my head dropped a loop of rope. As I clutched it with one hand a link in the chain pulled out, and the fifty pound bar shot down to the bottom of the well. Two minutes later I lay safe on the working platform above. Then everything turned black.

"When I came to myself I was lying on a bench in the tool shanty. One of my friends was dousing me with cold water, while others were grouped round, but the sailor, to whose coolness and dexterity I owe my life, was nowhere to be seen. He had fastened the rope under my arms and lowered me down insensible. Then he had descended, picked up his cap and disappeared.

"I never see a bluejacket without thinking of the one who saved my life, and that is why I have always had a warm place in my heart for the sailors of the United States navy."—Youth's Companion.

ROSSINI'S WATCH.

A Stranger Who Knew More About It Than the Composer.

Rossini, the composer, possessed a magnificent watch that his king had presented to him. It was a repeater and also a musical watch, for it played the maestro's prayer from "Moses in Egypt." But not until after he had owned it for six years did he understand it fully. Rossini took a boyish delight in showing it and making it play, and one day he did so while in a cafe.

A stranger who sat near was attracted by the music, and just as Rossini was going to put it back in his pocket he stepped up to him and said, "You have a very valuable watch there, sir, but I'll wager that you do not know all its capabilities."

Rossini, much surprised, said: "I have carried it now for six years in honor of my king. It has never varied one minute; it repeats the hour, quarter hour, tells the minutes and the day of the month and plays, as you have just heard, the prayer from 'Moses.'"

"And yet I doubt," said the stranger sullenly, "that you do not know your watch wholly. I'll wager anything you like your watch against [illegible] francs!"

"Oh, well, if you have 10,000 francs I'll take the bet," cried Rossini. "But now give me the proof of your assertion."

"Very well. The watch plays another piece of yours, master, and contains your portrait besides."

Speechless, Rossini saw that when the stranger touched a spring a lid flew back, disclosing his portrait, while at the same time it played "Di Tanti Palpiti," from "Tancred."

"Good gracious," he exclaimed, looking at his lost watch, "it is true! You have won the wager. But how could I know?"

The stranger laughed heartily and handed him back his treasure, saying:

"I am the maker of this watch, Michel Plivee. The wager was made in fun, but I am delighted that you, the great maestro, take such pleasure in my work."

Wiles of Animals.

The panther on the plains of Patagonia gets as near a herd of guanacos as it can, then lies down behind a bush on its back. It puts one paw up in the air, then another, then the third and fourth and after a bit all four at once. That seems curious to the guanacos, and they come close to investigate. Up jumps the panther and lights on the nearest one's back and breaks its neck. A fox up in Nova Scotia comes down to the bay of Fundy and goes jumping along the beach a couple of rods and back again, rising on its hind legs at each about face and waving its big tail in the air. The little flock of four or five Canada geese out on the water begin to wonder what can be the matter with the fox. They swim up into the shallow water to investigate, when in dashes the fox and grabs one by the neck. The men have taken advantage of this trick and have trained dogs to do as the fox does. For lack of a dog men themselves have rumbled about on their hands and knees to attract the birds.

A Calendar.

To the modern world a calendar is merely a harmless necessary reminder of weeks and days to be hung up on New Year's day and consulted in dating letters throughout the year. It has no such mournful sound as "calendarium" had for the ancient Romans. The original calendar of their times was the money lender's account book, so called because interest was due from the debtor on the calends, or first day of each month. Seneca speaks of calendar as a word invented outside the course of nature on account of human greed.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

His Enthusiasm Was Contagious.

Whitefield, whose dramatic appeals to his listeners were always a noteworthy part of his sermons, once preached to a body of seamen in New York. In the course of his sermon he introduced the following words:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens and that dark cloud rising from the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear the distant thunder? Don't you see those flashings of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

The hands of every sailor were gripping the pews in front of them, and a wild excitement was in their eyes. And when the preacher reached the climax of his dramatic speech they sprang to their feet in a body and shouted, "Take to the longboat!"

The Price of Silence.

A well known business man in a town not far from Cincinnati discovered one morning on entering his office that his safe was out of order. He immediately telegraphed to Philadelphia for an expert.

When the latter arrived he found that the safe, an old fashioned affair locked with a key, could not be opened. After a hasty examination the expert, taking a piece of wire, dug out from the key a mass of dust and lint. He then opened the safe in the twinkling of an eye. The business man wore a sickly smile as he asked meekly:

"How much?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Do any of your firm's patrons here know of your visit?"

"Not a soul but yourself."

"Then," added the business man, "here's $40. I'll take it to be a great favor if you'll hustle out by the first train. If any one in this town knows that I paid a man $20 to dig dirt out of a key for me I'd never do another dollar's worth of business in the whole state."—New York Times.

How She Knew He Lost.

"I can always tell whether my husband wins or loses at poker," said the woman in a red gown at an afternoon ten the other day.

"I always know when my husband wins," said a woman in pink. "If he wins he makes peace with me by buying a present, but it is only when he wins that I am told of the game at all. On other occasions when he comes in late it is always because of a pressing business engagement."

"My husband lost last night," the woman in red said. "I had been out late myself to a business meeting of the club and was still up when he came in. He frowned upon seeing the house illuminated and said:

"'For heaven's sake turn out some of these lights and cut down expenses!'"—Kansas City Star.

Shooting the Whale.

The Norwegian whale fisheries extend over nearly the whole of the Arctic sea, from the north of Norway, beyond Spitzbergen and even to the Faroe and Iceland islands. The vessels are chief from small steamers, the harpoons used being the so called bomb harpoon, an arrow shaped iron spear furnished with a line, which is discharged from a small cannon. The whale often drags the vessel a long distance until it becomes exhausted and expires. It is then towed to the anchorage, where it is stripped of the blubber. This whale fishery was begun by a well known Norwegian, Svend Foyn, in 1868. At first only the blubber was utilized for train oil; now the bones are crushed for manure, and the flesh is used for fodder.

Unjust.

Fluffy Young Thing (at the play)—I believe this man in front of us is trying to hear what we're saying. Man In Front (turning around)—You do me an injustice, my dear young lady. I am trying not to hear it.—Chicago Tribune.

Familiar.

Visitor—Will you tell your master that I called? Servant—Yes, sir. If you will please tell me your name. Visitor—That is unnecessary. He knows me quite well.—Wanderer.

Where there is emulation there will be vanity; where there is vanity there will be folly.—Johnson.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's
Headache
Tablets
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific
and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hubbard, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Greeson.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. B. Arbuckle, J. A. Swanson, B. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—C. H. Ivele.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungerville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 473, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Sems Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, K. R.

C. M. C. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible] second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, [illegible] at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES [illegible], Pres.
THOMAS CLARK, Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every [illegible] Saturday at 2:30 p. m. at [illegible].

Mrs. MARY E. [illegible], Pres.
Mrs. [illegible], Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BERRINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 2nd and third Tuesdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOONEY HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Jael's degree 3rd Monday.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R. A. A. ABBEY, S

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. Oriental prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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